HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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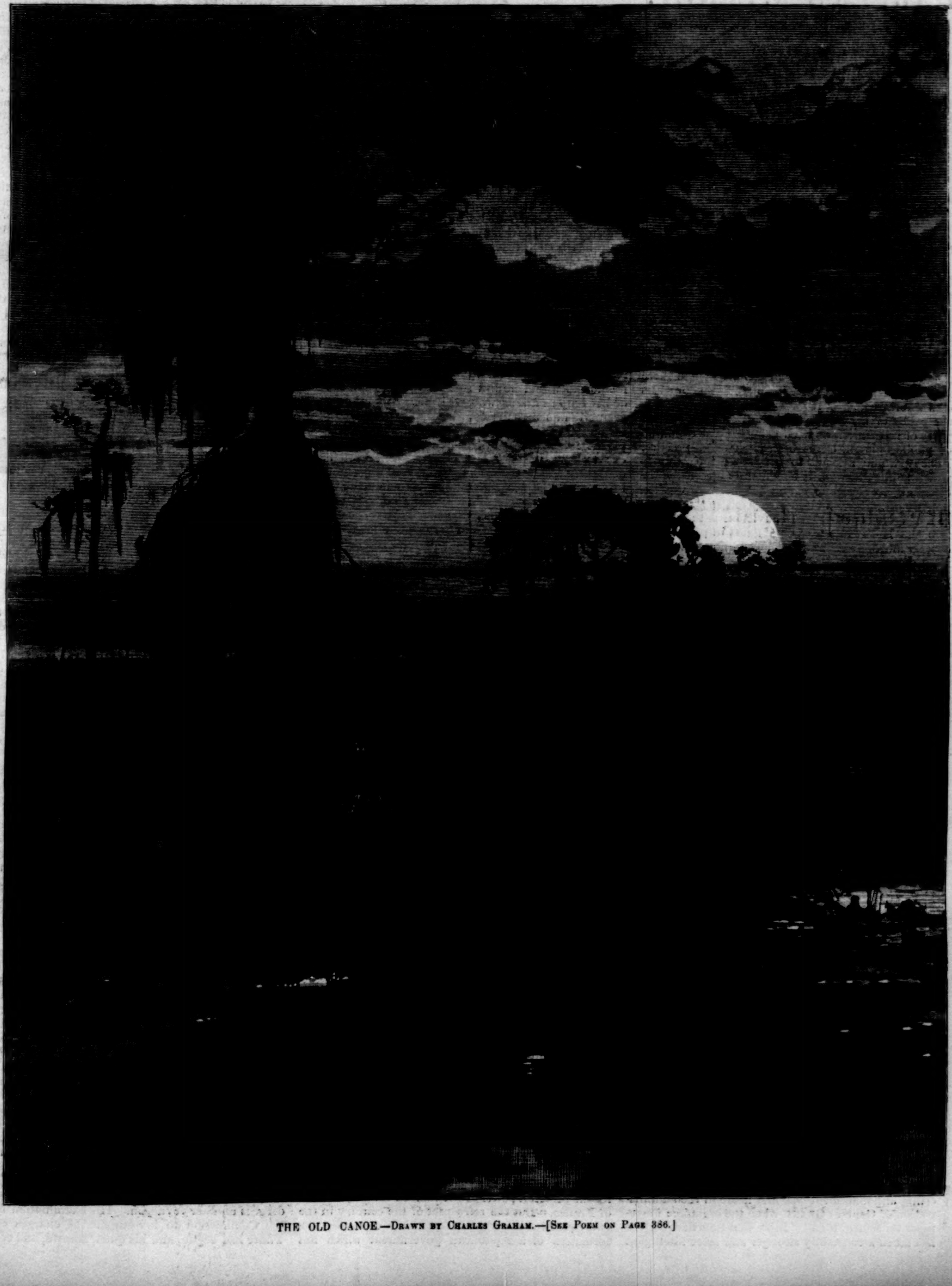


THE OLD CANOE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 386.]

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the number for May 14th appears the first of four short articles on

BASE-BALL FOR AMATEURS,

BY A. ALONZO STAGG.

These articles are of a practical character, and their value to young players is assured by the name of the author.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON *has an amusing sketch, entitled "Tombstone, Mrs. Perkins, and the Serjeant," and* JOHN KENDRICK BANGS *contributes a humorous story in verse of "How Aunt Anne Saw the Centennial Parade, and What She Saw," accompanied by illustrations by* H. W. MCVICKAR.

Two serial stories are now running, "Dorymates," by KIRK MUNROE, *illustrated by* W. T. SMEDLEY, *and "The Princess Liliwinkins," by* HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1691, WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

The extraordinary demand for the last number of the* WEEKLY *has exceeded the capacity of our press-room to supply, and a great many orders still remain unfilled. These will be met in due course, though with an unavoidable delay, for which we must bespeak public indulgence. Presses will be kept at work on the number just as long as the demand continues, but it will greatly facilitate the work if supplementary orders are sent in promptly.

A MISTAKEN VIEW.

THE journals which accept the failure of the administration to redeem the pledges of the Republican platform as a failure of reform are as much mistaken as when they regard a recital of the facts as a lament over such a failure. Reform is no more defeated by the action of this administration than by that of its predecessors, and the *World* states the situation with entire truthfulness in saying, "There is certainly a deeper-seated feeling against the abuses of the appointive power than ever before, though there is so little official manifestation of it." The progress of a reform which is favored in both parties, yet is the policy of neither, and does not create a distinct party of its own, shows itself chiefly in the condition of public opinion, but also in changes of practice. Nobody would attempt to deny that the point to which public attention is now mainly directed is the distribution of patronage, and never before was the practice of a partisan clean sweep felt so strongly to be a dangerous evil. That conviction is the root of reform. Meanwhile the actual gains in practice are equally undeniable. The passage and honest enforcement of the reform law; the extension of the range of the classified service; the abatement of political assessments upon office-holders, and the stigma cast upon such assessments as an outrage; the discrediting of office-holding interference with nominations and elections—are all illustrations of such gains.

The pulpit and the press continually discuss the question. The party machines are on the angry defensive. Even Mr. PLATT hastens to the rescue. The fact that the great political abuse of the times is the illicit use of money at the ballot-box, and that the salaries of the non-political service, making a sum which is said to be $80,000,000, constitute a vast bribery fund at every national election, justly arouses public anxiety and apprehension, and deepens the determination that there shall be searching reform. The observer who in the presence of such facts supposes that reform is defeated because an administration surrenders to the machine is amusingly mistaken. He is easily discouraged, and will do little to help the good cause. Such a desponding observer is very apt to doubt whether the methods of reformers are not mistaken. He thinks that a more popular character must be given to the reform, or that his particular method should be adopted. He has only to produce a better method, and we venture to say that it will be gladly welcomed by the best friends of reform. They are intent upon an end, and will eagerly adopt a better means. The New York *Herald* says that the way to secure reform is to assure complete publicity for "all the steps in the solicitation of office." It is undoubtedly an admirable method. But the *Herald* is mistaken in supposing that the Reform Associations have not favored publicity. They have distinctly and persistently demanded that the reasons for removals should be stated and placed on file for public inspection, and when President CLEVELAND decided not to require that course they condemned his action. They have been equally strenuous for open executive sessions of the Senate, and for legislation to prevent the interference of Senators and Representatives in appointments.

Nothing is more amusing than the periodical recurrence of the assertion that civil service reform has perished amid universal contempt. This interesting announcement was first made in the administration of General GRANT, when the organized movement for reform began. From that time the question has taken a constantly stronger and more intelligent hold of the public mind. It has accomplished visible and most significant practical results. The Reform Associations have criticised candidly the course of succeeding administrations, and presented facts which are dispassionately considered by all intelligent citizens. Nobody has greater reason for confidence and satisfaction than the friends of reform, not because its course is unobstructed, but because, despite all obstructions, it moves steadily forward.

THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

IN appointing Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of New York, and Mr. HUGH S. THOMPSON, of South Carolina, to the vacant places in the Civil Service Commission, and in retaining the present member, Mr. CHARLES LYMAN, of Connecticut, President HARRISON has taken a course which will be most heartily commended by every friend of reform. It is the earnest that so far as the Commission is concerned there will be no evasions of the law, and it is the sign of a disposition, of which during the two months of the administration there has been little other sign, to redeem the pledges of the Republican platform and of the President's letter of acceptance. Mr. LYMAN is a man of strong convictions in favor of the reformed system, of great knowledge of the public service, and experience in the administration of the law. When the Commission was organized he was the Chief Examiner, and he is thoroughly familiar with the work. His retention upon the Board is most desirable as the link of continuance, which is of peculiar value in such a branch of administration. Mr. THOMPSON, before coming to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was known as a frank friend of reform, while Mr. ROOSEVELT has been conspicuous among Republican reformers, and took an important part in the passage of the New York reform law.

The President has thus intrusted the central supervision of the work of reform, under the law classifying the service, to unquestionable friends. His own part in executing the law will be discharged by appointing as heads of the offices to which the law applies men of the same faith in it and of the same resolution to enforce it which distinguish the Commissioners whom he has selected. There are none of his fellow-citizens who will more cordially congratulate him and the country upon these appointments than those who have seen with regret the apparent forgetfulness hitherto in his administration of all reform promises and pledges. They will undoubtedly continue to remind him of the principles to which he is pledged, and test his conduct by its conformity to them. But they will not fail to rejoice and to express their rejoicing at every act like the appointment of the Civil Service Commissioners. This appointment will have a collateral result which will be very beneficial. The President is surrounded by swarms of politicians and office-seekers, who engross his time and attention, and who obstruct his view of the great body of the people who are neither politicians nor office-seekers, and who are the most contemptuous opponents of reform. In his cabinet there is probably no really earnest and intelligent friend of reform, and he is practically isolated from communication with the opinion of an immense and intelligent public.

This opinion in the Republican party and in the country will be represented to him by Mr. ROOSEVELT, and probably in a way which will assure him of its reality and strength, and that it is a sentiment worth heeding. In the incessant and immense pressure upon him for place he will be recalled to the fact that office-seekers, however numerous and noisy, are not the people, nor even all his party, and that there is a very large body of his party friends as well as of independent voters who are waiting to see whether there was any meaning or purpose whatever in the Republican declarations upon the subject of removals and appointments. By appointing friends of reform the President has provided for himself a resource which he will probably find very serviceable, and which will greatly facilitate his efforts to promote the reform to which his party is pledged.

THE CENTENARY OF '89 IN FRANCE.

THOSE who had the memorable pleasure of hearing the last great oration of WENDELL PHILLIPS, which was delivered at the centenary of the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge in 1881, will recall the thrill which swept through the audience as the orator, speaking of the French Revolution, paused as if seeking the most fitting word to describe it, and then said, quietly, "the most unstained blessing that ever befell humanity." That is not the general verdict. But the commemoration of the Revolution of 1789 in France, which began as our centennial celebration ended, contemplates not the terror and the massacre or the furious factions, but, as President CARNOT said in his speech at the opening of the great Exhibition at Versailles, the substitution of the will of the people for the personal power of one man as the government of France. But the retrospect of the century in the two countries is very different. We celebrated the formation of a republican government which has advanced in ever-increasing strength. France celebrates the overthrow of a splendid despotism, but is still doubtful, although full of hope, as to the government which shall succeed it.

No great nation has undergone such extraordinary political changes within the century. The Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the restoration of the legitimate King, the Citizen King, the Republic, the Empire again, and after the Commune once more the Republic, have all rapidly appeared and, except the last, have vanished, until now the President of the Republic declares the nation to be in complete possession of herself, recognizing as sole sovereign the laws made by the representatives of the people. Yet the figure of BOULANGER, unmeaning in itself, yet suggestive of revolution, still stands upon the horizon of France. "With ardent hope for the future," said President CARNOT, as he began his speech, and such must be the feeling of every friend of our early friend among nations. Mr. COUDERT in his speech at the French meeting in New York regretted that memorial signs of the French alliance, such as the bust of LAFAYETTE and the tricolor, were not more frequent and conspicuous during our celebration. So much was due, he thought, to the memory of an alliance without which American independence would not have been achieved. This is LECKY'S view, and every student of the Revolution will agree that except for the aid of France the contest must have been indefinitely prolonged, and ample recognition of this aid was given six years ago in the great celebration at Yorktown. But in the celebration of the centenary of the beginning of our constitutional government France has no proper part. Certainly the decisive impulse to the movement of '89 in France was our triumphant Revolution. But we did not expect to see the American flag displayed for that reason at Versailles. Moreover, the emotion with which the French alliance was formerly regarded is necessarily tempered by the conviction that the French government was inspired more by hatred of her ancient foe than by love of republican liberty, and by the fact that when the treaty was made, France sought her own advantage quite as much as the welfare of America.

After the surrender of BURGOYNE, when the chances of American success were at least bright, France openly allied herself with the American cause. Moreover, there was popular sympathy with the cause in Paris, which sustained the course of the Ministry. The alliance was happily typified in the picturesque personality of LAFAYETTE, whom WASHINGTON loved. The tales of French courtesy, the brilliant camp of ROCHAMBEAU, the friendly fleet of DE GRASSE—in all these there was quite enough material for the popular tradition. But the feeling of to-day is less animated, and behind the French army and fleet is seen France playing her own political game. This might well have been forgotten in the general rejoicing, but it is undoubtedly largely the explanation of the different point of view. The course of France at the close of the century, the indiscriminate sympathy of the anti-WASHINGTON faction with the French Revolution, the disposition to countenance GENET, and the consequent mingling of sympathies for French factions with our own party politics, and the long dispute over the spoliation claims, all tended to diminish the ardor of American feeling for France. But it cannot affect the American desire for a peaceful issue of the republican experiment in that country, if so tentative a word may still be used, and if all doubt has not disappeared, every sign seems to justify the ardent hope which President CARNOT expresses.

MR. PARNELL'S CONFESSION.

THE extraordinary fluctuations of public sentiment in regard to Mr. PARNELL have not yet ceased. There was probably never a more sudden, swift, and favorable change in the estimation of a public man than that which followed the revelation of the PIGGOTT forgeries. Apparently it had ruined the prestige of the *Times*, and had given to Mr. PARNELL the respect of England. The dramatic scene in the House of Commons after the PIGGOTT disclosure, when Mr. GLADSTONE rose and bowed to Mr. PARNELL as he entered, and the singularly discreet tone of Mr. PARNELL'S remarks both in the House and subsequently at the dinners given in honor of him, all marked what seemed to be the turn of the tide in the fortunes of home rule. It ceased to be a bugbear, and Mr. PARNELL was no longer a traitorous conspirator. This happy situation for his cause was confirmed and crowned by the elaborate address of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, which was a plea for that cause, so learned, exhaustive, powerful, and persuasive as to be ranked at once and by common consent with the most famous historic speeches upon the greatest state occasions. The complete reverse of the position of the Irish cause and its leader in English opinion was almost bewildering.

With equal suddenness the situation is again radically changed, and the opinion of Mr. PARNELL undergoes another revulsion. His examination before the Commission to investigate the charges of the *Times* had begun, and his quiet, shrewd, and conclu-

sive replies, with his general demeanor, were confirming the favorable impression produced by all the previous incidents, when in answer to a question of the Attorney-General Mr. PARNELL stated that he had deliberately lied to the House of Commons to affect its action. He confessed it with his usual tranquillity, and without any attempt to extenuate the fact or to mitigate its impression. The completeness and simplicity of the statement were such as to suggest that there must be some misconception or some subtle purpose in the disclosure. But the closer the Attorney-General pressed, the bolder was the admission of intentional falsehood. The confession, had it been made at any time voluntarily and as a clearance of his conscience, would have been very impressive, and not without a certain moral heroism. But extorted by a cross-examination under oath it loses all the virtue of penitential confession. However made, the injury of such a confession to the cause is incalculable. The hope of home rule lies in the judgment and sympathy of England, which had been profoundly affected by the plain proof that Mr. PARNELL had been wantonly and cruelly slandered, and that his purpose was not what it had been maliciously alleged to be. English opinion was apparently ready to accept him as a patriot leader not seeking the dissolution of the empire, but by constitutional means the rights of his country under imperial supremacy.

But when this leader acknowledges under oath that he has acted in bad faith, and has attempted to secure his ends by falsifying facts, the revulsion of feeling must be of the utmost detriment to his cause as well as fatal to the public estimation of himself. The question is not whether other leaders have deceived the House and the country. Undoubtedly it is not the first time that it has been done. But if Mr. GLADSTONE upon a public platform should own that he had intentionally made misstatements to the House of Commons to promote measures in which he was interested, the kind of admiration and respect which is now felt for him would disappear. Indeed the incident is so extraordinary, at the moment when success was almost assured, it so apparently involves the present wreck of Mr. PARNELL's cause and his own career, that if the reports are correct it is inexplicable, except upon the presumption that he could no longer conceal the offence when challenged under oath to tell the truth, or that he held anything to be fair in the political enterprise in which he was engaged. This, of course, is no excuse, and merely destroys the confidence in his character which is indispensable to him as a leader. Hereafter his word will not avail. He has cast doubt upon every statement that he makes until it is corroborated. Mr. GLADSTONE will hardly rise again in the House of Commons and bow to a man who owns that he is a liar.

1789 AND 1889.

THE question raised by Bishop POTTER's sermon of the comparative political situation of to-day and a century ago is industriously discussed in the press. A striking illustration of the present situation, which must not be overlooked in the debate, is the fact that the most important transactions of the New York Legislature this winter have been mere partisan bargains and games, to which the public interest is sacrificed without a thought. The "deal" of which we spoke last week is "off." In the language of the political prize-ring the Governor has "euchred" the Republicans who engaged in the deal, and has put his opponents "in a hole."

He has signed the bill which Tammany Hall favored, and vetoed those which the County Democracy opposed. Mr. JAY GOULD, it is understood, in concert with Mr. T. C. PLATT, has defeated Mayor GRANT's rapid transit bill, and the Republican Legislature is balked of the party benefit it expected from the deal, and has killed the rapid transit which the press of the city almost unanimously supported and which the public desired. The patriots who have been sneering at the Bishop and zealously decrying the political morality of WASHINGTON's day must admit that if the new Congress and the Legislatures of a hundred years ago had been of the ceiling and deal character which has been this year illustrated at Albany, the prospects of the future would not have been encouraging.

The honest reader of the daily record of the Legislature will hardly assert that he finds its action to be chiefly influenced by considerations of the public welfare. It seems rather to be an assembly of party politicians engaged in a game of bluff or shares with the Governor. The Governor is not a personage who commands either the respect or the confidence of the intelligent part of the community, but in the little games of which the State Capitol is the theatre he must be admitted to be quite as shrewd a player as his adversaries. This is praise of a kind which even Bishop POTTER would probably agree could not be bestowed upon WASHINGTON.

THE TRUTH WELL TOLD.

THE excellent action of the President in appointing Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. THOMPSON on the Civil Service Commission is followed by an effective reply in the *Tribune* to Mr. PLATT's defence of the spoils system. There was, of course, nothing new in his article, and the fact that he is compelled to stand to his guns, and to attempt an apology and justification of this sole kind of public activity with which he is identified, is a striking sign of the situation. The *Tribune* points out clearly the essential vice of the spoils system, "that it is not governed by any fixed principle in the public interest," and it easily exposes the futility of the ancient plea urged by Mr. PLATT, that in private business clerks are appointed wholly at the pleasure of the principals.

They are so appointed, but wholly without illicit pressure of any kind, and exclusively with regard to the welfare of the business of which the person most interested is the judge; and when once appointed they remain so long as their service is honest, efficient, and satisfactory. Mr. PLATT, as the *Tribune* says, would no more think of dismissing an experienced and satisfactory clerk because he was a Presbyterian instead of a Methodist than of any other folly; and to discard such a clerk because he had served for four years, and was consequently better qualified for his duties than ever, is an absurdity which needs no elucidation.

If the President's course in regard to appointments and removals should be as strictly conformed to the Republican declarations as his conduct in completing the Commission, and if the Republican press should insist upon the honest and uniform application of the principle maintained by the *Tribune* against Mr. PLATT, the Republican party would be in good faith the party of reform. But it will become such in no other way. What we said of the late administration is equally true of the present, that a reform course at one point does not condone a surrender to the spoils at another.

THE CENTENNIAL ARCH.

THE proposition to erect a marble arch upon Fifth Avenue, near Washington Square, as a perpetual memorial of the late great celebration and the event which it commemorated, is received with high favor. Nothing can be more appropriate than such a memorial, and no form more suitable than an arch. By common consent, also, the temporary arch designed and erected by Mr. STANFORD WHITE for the recent occasion is a very proper model for the proposed work. The city is destitute of such monumental decorations, and this will be an admirable beginning.

The site of the temporary arch is equally approved for the permanent work. It is at the entrance of a noble street and opposite an open square, and there is no more suitable site in the city. The committee which has the undertaking in charge is composed of gentlemen of great public spirit and energy, and under their auspices the work will be accomplished in the most satisfactory manner. It is supposed, in view of the preliminary estimates, that the sum of $100,000 will be required for the completion of the arch and $50,000 for its sculptural decoration. A popular subscription is proposed, and although several large subscriptions have been made, it is hoped that all citizens, according to their means, will co-operate in this good work as they did in the centennial celebration.

Every public-spirited citizen, in home, office, factory, club, and school, is invited to secure subscriptions from as many persons as possible. It was in New York that the first Congress assembled, the first President was inaugurated, and the constitutional government of the Union was organized. The great event has just been properly commemorated, and it was a just instinct which generally demanded a fitting memorial of the greatest incident in the annals of the city. The treasurer is Mr. WILLIAM R. STEWART, and subscriptions will be received at the Mercantile Trust Company. The names of subscribers will be published, and a list of them will be deposited in the corner-stone.

THE NIAGARA RESERVATION IN DANGER.

AT the cost of about a million and a half of dollars the State of New York has acquired the lands known as the Niagara Reservation. The question was thoroughly discussed before the people, and a finer illustration of a wise public spirit in the State has not been recently presented than the passage of the law providing for the perpetual reservation of the land adjoining the falls in its natural condition, to be forever free of access to everybody without charge. All the hideous buildings by which the neighborhood of the falls was infested, totally destroying the effect of the scene, have been removed, and the duty of preserving the grounds in accordance with the declared intention of the law has been entrusted to a Board of Commissioners.

In defiance of this intention a bill has been reported to the Legislature—in the Senate by the Judiciary Committee, its chairman, however, Judge ROBERTSON, dissenting; and in the House by Mr. HARWOOD, of Niagara, "by request"—which gives to a private corporation the right practically to annul the law, and baffle the purpose for which the reservation was set aside by the people of the State, by building dams above the fall to divert the water, and by erecting factories below.

The passage of such a bill would be impossible if the facts could be fully known and a distinct and general expression of public opinion heard at Albany. The Niagara Reservation is a public park of which the State may well be proud. It is held in trust by the State for the whole country, and indeed for the whole world. It is the perpetual monument of the consciousness of the people that the State possesses one of the sublimest of natural objects, and proves that it is worthy to possess it by providing for preserving it unharmed in all its pristine magnificence. The Legislature will misrepresent the people even if it seriously entertains a project of betraying this trust. Authorizing the proposed outrage would be a disgrace to New York.

TEMPERANCE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE late vote in Massachusetts upon the prohibition amendment was so decisive that it is a very significant fact. There is no more intelligent community in the country, and the question was never more generally or more ably discussed. There is also no more temperate community, nor one in which men are more willing "to stand up and be counted" upon the subject. In a very large number of the country towns local option prohibits the sale of liquor, but upon this occasion, even in such towns, the vote was in great part against the amendment. Salem was the only city which supported it, and all of the twelve Congressional districts but one voted against it.

A late vote upon local option, which is virtually local prohibition, in Franklin County, a rural community in the western part of Massachusetts, illustrates the prevailing local sentiment. There are twenty-six towns in the county, mainly, of course, farming towns. Of these only six voted in favor of granting licenses. Last year the aggregate vote of the county was 2176 for licenses, and 1990 against it—a majority of 186 in favor of license. This year the vote was 2084 against license, and 1702 for it—a majority of 382 against it.

There is not in the world probably a more intelligent and orderly population than that of this rural county, and its action upon granting licenses compared with that upon the prohibition amendment is very instructive. The aggregate vote in favor of the amendment was 2374, that against it was 2700. Yet there is no doubt that it is a "temperance" although not a prohibition county. It would be a great mistake to interpret the majority against prohibition as indicating anything but the popular conviction that the liquor evil is more wisely treated by local option than by prohibition.

DR. STORRS AND THE BROOKLYN PARK COMMISSION.

THE Rev. Dr. STORRS, of Brooklyn, recently resigned as a Park Commissioner, for reasons which he plainly stated. It was singularly fortunate for the city that he was able to accept the appointment last year, because he is the kind of man which it is most desirable to draw into such public service. For public works whose proper management requires great intelligence, taste, experience, high public spirit, and the power of vigorous adherence to convictions, such men as Dr. STORRS are, as CARLYLE used to say, "Heaven-appointed."

He has been, of course, a diligent and devoted member of the Commission. His retirement is a public loss. But the recent act which vests the control of all funds exceeding in amount $250 in the Board of Aldermen deprives the Commission of all practical power except that of recommendations to the Board of Aldermen. Dr. STORRS, in a perfectly courteous letter, which makes no complaint of the law or of any person, says:

> "It is quite impossible for me to devote time and labor to the work of making suggestions, which, after they have been discussed, matured, and adopted by the Board, may or may not prove acceptable to others having the real authority in the premises. Finding it quite impossible to go on with the work under its present changed conditions, I respectfully resign my office as one of the Park Commissioners, and ask that the resignation be allowed to take effect at once."

It is not to be expected that citizens of constant and absorbing occupations will undertake important public duties without the power that should always accompany responsibility. Practically there can be nothing more comical than to commit the real management of a work of landscape art upon a great scale to such a body as the aldermen of our great cities. Capacity and fitness for self-government are shown in nothing more clearly than in intrusting the control of such works to a body selected for its special qualifications, and refusing to intrust it to a body usually composed of politicians "on the make." The resignation of Dr. STORRS will happily compel attention to the conditions upon which alone the services of such men can be secured.

PERSONAL.

AFTER having spent the past winter in exploring the State of New Jersey, Mr. GUSTAV KOBBÉ has issued an illustrated guide-book called "The New Jersey Coast and Pines." It is very much after the style of "Baedeker," and as Mr. KOBBÉ is an accurate and discerning writer, his little book is doubtless as trustworthy as it is readable.

—GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, is not in failing health, all stories to the contrary notwithstanding. For a man who was born with the century, Mr. BANCROFT's vigor of mind and body is very remarkable. His most recent literary work is a life of MARTIN VAN BUREN, which will shortly be published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—The White House cook is now a woman, Madame PELONARD having supplanted PAUL RESAL, Mrs. CLEVELAND's *chef*. Madame PELONARD formerly presided over Lord SACKVILLE's kitchen.

—The youngest office-seeker who has visited Washington is ELIZABETH MORRELL, twelve years old. She wants to have her father appointed Collector of the Port at Suspension Bridge.

—The parade of the school-children of New York city on May the 1st was not the least praiseworthy of the many interesting features of the centennial celebration. It is but justice to say that to Superintendent JOHN JASPER, of the city schools, belongs the honor of originating this part of the exhibition and of carrying it to so successful an issue. This statement was inadvertently omitted from the account of the celebration in the last number of the WEEKLY.

—The *Independent*, a newspaper published at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, is run by Misses ELLA LEONARD and CAROLINE LINGLE, Vassar graduates. They conceived the idea of conducting a newspaper while they were chums in college, and learned how to set type by having a font in their rooms. Miss LEONARD, the more robust of the two, runs the engine and power-press, and also gathers news.

—A little church has been built by the ladies of Grovetown, Georgia, as a memorial to PAUL H. HAYNE, the poet, who made his home there.

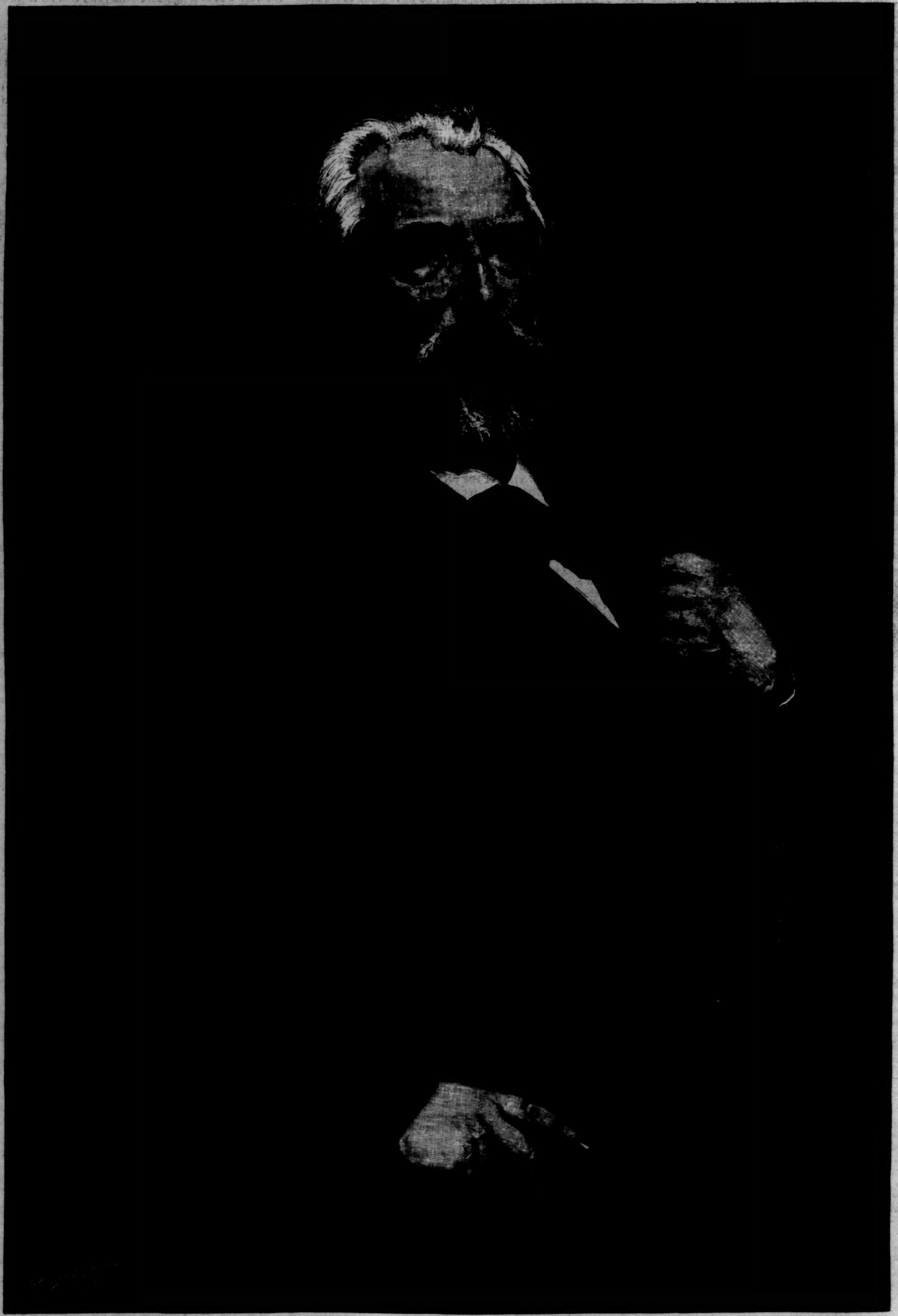
—The Empress-dowager of China, who has ruled that country for twenty-five years, and is now over fifty years old, is an accomplished archer and boxer.

—The well-known English philanthropist Miss ADA LEIGH has recently been married to Rev. Dr. TRAVERS LEWIS, the Bishop of Ontario.

—MARY ANDERSON seems to have been much benefited by her ocean voyage, and is rapidly gathering health and strength among her friends in England.

—Captain WILLIAM A. ANDREWS, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who tried unsuccessfully to cross the Atlantic in his dory, the *Dark Secret*, last year, will repeat the attempt this summer, accompanied by his son, who is nineteen years old.

—The oldest member of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. CHARLES VILLIERS, aged eighty-seven years, is in danger of eviction from his house at Chelsea by Earl CADOGAN, who owns the old mansion, and wants to pull it down to make room for street improvements. Mr. VILLIERS, who is a Unionist, has taken to his bed, and says he will stay there till his landlord consents to a compromise.



PORTRAIT OF BOUGUEREAU, BY HIMSELF.—Engraved by Ch. Baude.—[See Page 386.]

MR. MARCH MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

I.

THE evening when March closed with Mrs. Green's reduced offer, and decided to take her apartment, the widow whose lodgings he had rejected sat with her daughter in an upper room at the back of her house. In the shaded glow of the drop-light she was sewing, and the girl was drawing at the same table. From time to time, as they talked, the girl lifted her head and tilted it a little on one side so as to get some desired effect of her work.

"It's a mercy the cold weather holds off," said the mother. "We should have to light the furnace, unless we wanted to scare everybody away with a cold house; and I don't know who would take care of it, or what would become of us, every way."

"They seem to have been scared away from a house that wasn't cold," said the girl. "Perhaps they might like a cold one. But it's too early for cold yet. It's only just in the beginning of November."

"The *Messenger* says they've had a sprinkling of snow."

"Oh yes, at St. Barnaby's! I don't know when they don't have sprinklings of snow there. I'm awfully glad we haven't got *that* winter before us."

The widow sighed as mothers do who feel the contrast their experience opposes to the hopeful recklessness of such talk as this. "We may have a worse winter here," she said, darkly.

"Then I couldn't stand it," said the girl, "and I should go in for lighting out to Florida double-quick."

"And how would you get to Florida?" demanded her mother, severely.

"Oh, by the usual conveyance—Pullman vestibuled train, I suppose. What makes you so blue, mamma?" The girl was all the time sketching away, rubbing out, lifting her head for the effect, and then bending it over her work again without looking at her mother.

"I am *not* blue, Alma. But I cannot endure this—this hopefulness of yours."

"Why? What harm does it do?"

"Harm?" echoed the mother.

Pending the effort she must make in saying, the girl cut in: "Yes, harm. You've kept your despair dusted off and ready for use at an instant's notice ever since we came, and what good has *it* done? I'm going to keep on hoping to the bitter end. That's what papa did."

It was what the Rev. Archibald Leighton had done with all the consumptive's buoyancy. The morning he died he told them that now he had turned the point, and was really going to get well. The cheerfulness was not only in his disease, but in his temperament. Its excess was always a little against him in his church work, and Mrs. Leighton was right enough in feeling that if it had not been for the ballast of her instinctive despondency he would have made shipwreck of such small chances of prosperity as befell him in life. It was not from him that his daughter got her talent, though he had left her his temperament intact of his widow's legal thirds. He was one of those men of whom the country people say when he is gone that the woman gets along better without him. Mrs. Leighton had long eked out their income by taking a summer boarder or two, as a great favor, into her family; and when the greater need came, she frankly gave up her house to the summer-folks (as they call them in the country), and managed it for their comfort from the small quarter of it in which she shut herself up with her daughter.

The notion of shutting up is an exigency of the rounded period. The fact is, of course, that Alma Leighton was not shut up in any sense whatever. She was the pervading light, if not force, of the house. She was a good cook, and she managed the kitchen with the help of an Irish girl, while her mother looked after the rest of the house-keeping. But she was not systematic; she had inspiration but not discipline; and her mother mourned more over the days when Alma left the whole dinner to the Irish girl than she rejoiced in those when one of Alma's great thoughts took form in a chicken pie of incomparable savor or in a matchless pudding. The off days came when her artistic nature was expressing itself in charcoal, for she drew to the admiration of all among the lady boarders who could not draw. The others had their reserves; they readily conceded that Alma had genius, but they were sure she needed instruction. On the other hand, they were not so radical as to agree with the old painter who came every summer to paint the elms of the St. Barnaby meadows. He contended that she needed to be a man in order to amount to anything; but in this theory he was opposed by an authority of his own sex, whom the lady sketchers believed to speak with more impartiality in a matter concerning them as much as Alma Leighton. He said that instruction would do, and he was not only younger and handsomer, but he was fresher from the schools than old Harrington, who, even the lady sketchers could see, painted in an obsolescent manner. His name was Beaton—Angus Beaton; but he was not Scotch, or not more Scotch than Mary Queen of Scots was. His father was a Scotchman, but Beaton was born in Syracuse, New York, and it had taken only three years in Paris to obliterate many traces of native and ancestral manner in him. He wore his black beard cut shorter than his mustache, and a little pointed; he stood with his shoulders well thrown back and with a lateral curve of his person when he talked about art, which would alone have carried conviction even if he had not had a thick, dark bang coming almost to the brows of his mobile gray eyes, and had not spoken English with quick, staccato impulses, so as to give it the effect of epigrammatic and sententious French. One of the ladies said that you always thought of him as having spoken French after it was over, and accused herself of wrong in not being able to feel afraid of him. None of the ladies were afraid of him, though they could not believe that he was really so deferential to their work as he seemed; and they knew, when he would not criticise Mr. Harrington's work, that he was just acting from principle.

They may or may not have known the difference with which he treated Alma's work; but the girl herself felt that his abrupt, impersonal comment recognized her as a real sister in art. He told her she ought to come to New York, and draw in the League, or get into some painter's private class; and it was the sense of duty thus appealed to which finally resulted in the hazardous experiment she and her mother were now making. There were no logical breaks in the chain of their reasoning from past success with boarders in St. Barnaby to future success with boarders in New York. Of course the outlay was much greater. The rent of the furnished house they had taken was such that if they failed their experiment would be little less than ruinous.

But they were not going to fail; that was what Alma contended, with a hardy courage that her mother sometimes felt almost invited failure, if it did not deserve it. She was one of those people who believe that if you dread harm enough it is less likely to happen. She acted on this superstition as if it were a religion.

"If it had not been for my despair, as you call it, Alma," she answered, "I don't know where we should have been now."

"I suppose we should have been in St. Barnaby," said the girl. "And if it's worse to be in New York, you see what your despair's done, mamma. But what's the use? You meant well, and I don't blame you. You can't expect even despair to come out always just the way you want it. Perhaps you've used too much of it." The girl laughed, and Mrs. Leighton laughed too. Like every one else, she was not merely a prevailing mood, as people are apt to be in books, but was an irregularly spheroidal character, with surfaces that caught the different lights of circumstance and reflected them. Alma got up and took a pose before the mirror, which she then transferred to her sketch. The room was pinned about with other sketches, which showed with fantastic indistinctness in the shaded gas-light. Alma held up the drawing. "How do you like it?"

Mrs. Leighton bent forward over her sewing to look at it. "You've got the man's face rather weak."

"Yes, that's so. Either I see all the hidden weakness that's in men's natures, and bring it to the surface in their figures, or else I put my own weakness into them. And, anyway, it's a drawback to their presenting a truly manly appearance. As long as I have one of the miserable objects before me, I can draw him; but as soon as his back's turned I get to putting ladies into men's clothes. I should think you'd be scandalized, mamma, if you were a really feminine person. It must be your despair that helps you to bear up. But what's the matter with the young lady in young lady's clothes? Any dust on *her*?"

"What expressions!" said Mrs. Leighton. "Really, Alma, for a refined girl you *are* the most unrefined!"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

"Go on—about the girl in the picture!" said Alma, slightly knocking her mother on the shoulder as she stood over her.

"I don't see anything *to* her. What's she doing?"

"Oh, just being made love to, I suppose."

"She's perfectly insipid!"

"You're awfully articulate, mamma! Now if Mr. Wetmore was to criticise that picture he'd draw a circle round it in the air, and look at it through that, and tilt his head first on one side and then on the other, and then look at you, as if you were a figure in it, and then collapse awhile, and moan a little, and gasp, 'Isn't your young lady a little too—too—' and then he'd try to get the word out of *you*, and groan and suffer some more; and you'd say, 'She *is*, rather,' and that would give him courage, and he'd say, 'I don't mean that she's so very—' 'Of course not.' 'You understand?' 'Perfectly. I see it myself, now.' 'Well, then,'—and he'd take your pencil and begin to draw—'I should give her a little more— Ah?' 'Yes; I see the difference.' 'You see the difference?' And he'd go off to some one else, and you'd know that you'd been doing the wishy-washiest thing in the world, though he hadn't *spoken* a word of criticism, and couldn't. But *he* wouldn't have noticed the expression at all; he'd have shown you where your drawing was bad. He doesn't care for what he calls the literature of a thing; he says that will take care of itself if the drawing's good. He doesn't like my doing these *chic* things; but I'm going to keep it up, for *I* think it's the nearest way to illustrating."

She took her sketch and pinned it up on the door.

"And has Mr. Beaton been about, yet?" asked her mother.

"No," said the girl, with her back still turned; and she added, "I believe he's in New York; Mr. Wetmore's seen him."

"It's a little strange he doesn't call."

"It would be if he were not an artist. But artists never do anything like other people. He was on his good behavior while he was with us, and he's a great deal more conventional than most of them; but even he can't keep it up. That's what makes me really think that women can never amount to anything in art. They keep all their appointments and fulfil all their duties just as if they didn't know anything about art. Well, most of them don't. We've got that new model to-day."

"What new model?"

"The one Mr. Wetmore was telling us about—the old German. He's splendid. He's got the most beautiful head; just like the old masters' things. He used to be Humphrey Williams's model for his biblical pieces; but since he's dead, the old man hardly gets anything to do. Mr. Wetmore says there isn't anybody in the Bible that Williams didn't paint him as. He's the Law and the Prophets in all his Old Testament pictures, and he's Joseph, Peter, Judas Iscariot, and the Scribes and Pharisees in the New."

"It's a good thing people don't know how artists work, or some of the most sacred pictures would have no influence," said Mrs. Leighton.

"Why, of course not!" cried the girl. "And the influence is the last thing a painter thinks of—or supposes he thinks of. What he knows he's anxious about is the drawing and the color. But people will never understand how simple artists are. When I reflect what a complex and sophisticated being *I am*, I'm afraid I can never come to anything in art. Or I should be if I hadn't genius."

"Do you think Mr. Beaton is very simple?" asked Mrs. Leighton.

"Mr. Wetmore doesn't think he's very much of an artist. He thinks he talks too well. They believe that if a man can express himself clearly he can't paint."

"And what do *you* believe?"

"Oh, *I* can express myself, *too*."

The mother seemed to be satisfied with this evasion. After a while she said, "I presume he will call when he gets settled."

The girl made no answer to this. "One of the girls says that old model is an educated man. He was in the war, and lost a hand. Doesn't it seem a pity for such a man to have to sit to a class of affected geese like us as a model? I declare it makes me sick. And we shall keep him a week, and pay him six or seven dollars for the use of his grand old head, and *then* what will he do? The last time he was regularly employed was when Mr. Mace was working at his Damascus Massacre. Then he wanted so many Arab sheiks and Christian elders that he kept old Mr. Lindau steadily employed for six months. Now he has to pick up odd jobs where he can."

"I suppose he has his pension," said Mrs. Leighton.

"No; one of the girls"—that was the way Alma always described her fellow-students—"says he has no pension. He didn't apply for it for a long time, and then there was a hitch about it, and it was somethinged—vetoed, I believe she said."

"Who vetoed it?" asked Mrs. Leighton, with some curiosity about the process, which she held in reserve.

"I don't know—whoever vetoes things. I wonder what Mr. Wetmore *does* think of us—his class. We must seem perfectly crazy. There isn't one of us really knows what she's doing it for, or what she expects to happen when she's done it. I suppose every one thinks she has genius. I know the Nebraska widow does, for she says that unless you have genius it isn't the least use. Everybody's puzzled to know what she does with her baby when she's at work—whether she gives it soothing syrup. I wonder how Mr. Wetmore can keep from laughing in our faces. I know he does behind our backs."

Mrs. Leighton's mind wandered back to another point. "Then if he says Mr. Beaton can't paint, I presume he doesn't respect him very much."

"Oh, he never *said* he couldn't paint. But I know he thinks so. He says he's an excellent critic."

"Alma," her mother said, with the effect of breaking off, "what *do* you suppose is the reason he hasn't been near us?"

"Why, I don't know, mamma, except that it would have been natural for another person to come, and he's an artist—at least, artist enough for that."

"That doesn't account for it altogether. He was very nice at St. Barnaby, and seemed so interested in you—your work."

"Plenty of people were nice at St. Barnaby. That rich Mrs. Horn couldn't contain her joy when she heard we were coming to New York, but she hasn't poured in upon us a great deal since we got here."

"But that's different. She's very fashionable, and she's taken up with her own set. But Mr. Beaton's one of our kind."

"Thank you. Papa wasn't *quite* a tombstone-cutter, mamma."

"That makes it all the harder to bear. He *can't* be ashamed of us. Perhaps he doesn't know where we are."

"Do you wish to send him your card, mamma?" The girl flushed and towered in scorn of the idea.

"Why, no, Alma," returned her mother.

"Well, then," said Alma.

But Mrs. Leighton was not so easily quelled. She had got her mind on Mr. Beaton, and she could not detach it at once. Besides, she was one of those women (they are commoner than the same sort of men) whom it does not pain to take out their most intimate thoughts and examine them in the light of other people's opinions. "But I don't see how he can behave so. He must know that—"

"That *what*, mamma?" demanded the girl.

"That he influenced us a great deal in coming—"

"He *didn't*. If he dared to presume to think such a thing—"

"Now, Alma," said her mother, with the clinging persistence of such natures, "you know he did. And it's no use for you to pretend that we didn't count upon him in—in every way. *You* may not have noticed his attentions, and I don't say you did, but others certainly did; and I must say that I *didn't* expect he would drop us so."

"*Drop* us!" cried Alma, in a fury. "Oh!"

"Yes, *drop* us, Alma. He must know where we are. Of *course* Mr. Wetmore's spoken to him about you, and it's a shame that he hasn't been near us. I should have thought common gratitude, common decency, would have brought him, after—after all we did for him."

"We did nothing for him—*nothing!* He paid his board, and that ended it."

"No, it didn't, Alma. You know what he used to say—about its being like home, and all that; and I must say that after his attentions to you, and all the things you told me he said, I expected something very dif—"

A sharp peal of the door-bell thrilled through the house, and as if the pull of the bell wire had twitched her to her feet, Mrs. Leighton sprang up and grappled with her daughter in their common terror.

They both glared at the clock, and made sure that it was five minutes after nine. Then they abandoned themselves some moments to the unrestricted play of their apprehensions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD CANOE.

Only an old canoe,
Hewed out of a cypress log,
Half sunk in the saw-grass bog,
And sun-cracked through and through.

In the live-oak crotch on the bluff
A lookout scans the horizon
Of sallow saw-grass, deep enough,
In the channels, to swim a bison.
A bow-shot south of the slough
There's many a wattled wall and thatch,
Corn field, melon, potato patch,
Rots with the old canoe;
Dead as the bones that lie
In the shell marl under our feet
By the thousands, withering white and dry
As their chalky winding-sheet:
The grave of a nation lived all through
That leaves no sign but the old canoe.

Over fifty years ago
The women came wailing, two by two,
To see the tall warriors, all a-row,
Follow their chief to the war canoe
That lay by yon little sedgy shelf,
And watch the rowers row.
The paddles swing like a heron's wing;
The young chief going to give himself
A hostage for Philip the King;*
And his squaw must watch in the live-oak crotch
For a word that a bird of the air will bring.

Coo-a-coochee† has broken his parole!
Slipped from a casemate out of a port-hole!
His fetters left to the next deserter;
But after he passed
Was a shuddering shriek, like the cry of Murther,
And the hoofs of the riders riding fast.
And when he came, in the war canoe,
The robe of scarlet, purple, and blue
Of the King in *Hamlet* was dabbled red,
By a new wig fresh from an actor's head.

As they sat at feast of the Ripened Corn
The wise old Philip talked of ease
And peace beyond the narrow seas.
But Coo-a-coochee spoke in scorn
Of the white man's cunning to deceive;
And the squaw-wife, waiting at his side,
Looked down and said, How could we leave
The grave of the little one that died?

But Coo-a-coochee has broken his parole!
Retaken under a flag of truce,
The fetters clink, for the long gun-barrel,
Shot-pouch, moccasin, deer-skin trews,
He lies in irons in Tampa Bay;
His captors bade him, day by day,
Send for his people. But he said:
If my people listen for my word,
The rattle of my chains is heard,
And they cannot hear; they are afraid.
Then the White Chief answered: Choose you men:
In forty days, if they come again,
And bring your warriors, war shall cease,
And you and yours may go in peace.
If not, at the end of the fortieth day
You hang at a yard-arm in Tampa Bay.

Once more, and no more, the old canoe,
By winding waterways goes and comes.
It bears a people away from their homes,
Like Charon's ferry, that bore the shades
Out of the old life into the new,
And is left adrift in the Everglades.

But fifty years ago!
And the shell marl under our feet
Still keeps the dead in its winding-sheet,
In the places they used to know.
The saw-grass, bright as a basket of gold,
Still holds the scenes that it used to hold;
The slough, the bay, and the river,
And the wreck of the old canoe;
But the forms of the life and love it knew
Shall it know no more forever.
And the low white vapors curled
Over empty village and open graves,
And the cry of the silly whimpering waves
Is like the end of the world.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

* Philip, King of the Seminoles, or Emathla, a brother of Charley Emathla, killed by Osceola for signing the treaty at Payne's Landing, March, 1833, with his son Wild-Cat, or Coo-a-coochee, the Panther saltant, made the attack with four hundred warriors on Fort Mellon, on Lake Monroe, in Orange County, Florida, February 8, 1837, and were repulsed by Colonels Fanning and Harney. He was captured by General Hernandez, September, 1837, and asked leave to communicate with his family. His son Coo-a-coochee came in and gave himself up for his father.

† Coo-a-coochee, son of Philip. For some distrust, after giving himself up, Wild-Cat was imprisoned in the old Spanish fort at St. Augustine. He resented it bitterly. After escape he fell on a troop of Thespians, scalped, and plundered them. He was bold and defiant, and after Osceola's death, if not before, the real leader. To Colonel (now General) Harney's threat of extermination he said: "The Great Spirit might, but the white man could not, or why had he not done it before?" His home was in Orange at first, at the writer's homestead; but he moved his family farther south to the Shell Hummock and Micco's Bluff, on the Kissimmee. He was invited, January, 1841, by General Worth to come in and make a treaty. He came, and reported the treaty was under consideration by the chiefs, and would be accepted. Major Childs ordered him to be seized on suspicion of treachery, while thus responding to General Worth's express invitation, and put in irons on a vessel in Tampa Bay, to be sent to the reservation. But that officer ordered him to be brought before him, and he was brought in his fetters. Fairbanks reports Worth's threat and Wild-Cat's reply. General Worth said the war must end, and he (Coo-a-coochee) must end it.

"'You are a great warrior: the Indians look to you as a leader. By your counsels they have been governed. You can select three or five men to carry your talk; but I tell you, as I wish your relatives and friends told, that unless they fulfil your demands, yourself and your warriors now seated before us shall be hung to the yards of this vessel.'

"Silence prevailed as the General closed, and Coo-a-coochee rose, and replied in a subdued tone: 'I was once a boy; then I saw the white man far off. I hunted these woods—first with a bow and arrow, then with a rifle. I saw the white man, and was told he was my enemy. I could not shoot him as I would a wolf or bear; yet like the wolf and bear he came upon me. Horses, cattle, fields, he took from me. He said he was my friend. He abused our women and children; still he gave me his hand in friendship. We took it; while taking it he had a snake in the other. His tongue was forked. He lied and stung us. I asked but for a small piece of their lands, enough to plant and live upon far south; a spot where I could lay the ashes of my kindred; a spot only sufficient upon which I could lay my wife and child. This was not granted me. I was put in prison; I escaped. I have again been taken. I am here. I feel the irons in my heart....You say I *must* end this war. Look at these irons. Can I go to my warriors, Coo-a-coochee chained? No; do not ask me to see them. I never wish to tread upon my land unless I am free. If I can go to them unchained, they will follow me; but they will not obey if I talk in irons. They will say my heart is weak, I am afraid. Could I go free, they will surrender and emigrate.'"—FAIRBANKS, pp. 336–7.

WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU.

BOUGUEREAU acquired the beginnings of his art from PICOT, and PICOT was a follower of the school of DAVID; but an art descent of this character explains but little. Indifferent as we may be to-day to the methods of DAVID, which were reflections of the Napoleonic era, we are still conscious that his conceptions were lofty. His Romans may be tender-skinned, looking as if they had come from the bath, for DAVID's study of the antique had rather led him toward Roman than Greek art, nevertheless in the pose of his figures, in their action, and in the climax of his pictures his aspirations were toward the heroic. He was a painter who, first heated with republican ardor, had had his fires tempered. Possibly PICOT took from DAVID those larger conceptions of art which flourished in France toward the close of the last and the beginning of this century. In the beginning of his career PICOT painted Cupids or Psyches; later, a meeting of Æneas and Venus, a Raphael and the Fornarina, but with advancing age chose graver topics. The present illustrious school of French art owes much to PICOT, because having in more ways than one followed the traditions of their old master.

WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU was born at Rochelle, France, in 1825. To-day this artist bears his sixty-four years with ease, and is as active, as industrious, as in his younger life. Incessant work, long study, have given him wonderful rapidity of touch. Looking at one of BOUGUEREAU's pictures, it is the careful finish which excites attention, and those ignorant of his certainty of effects and technical dexterity might imagine that his work only resulted from careful elaboration.

As a pupil of PICOT's, BOUGUEREAU won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1850. Going to Italy, he was the most diligent of students. During his stay in Rome he sent to Paris the pictures which are obligatory on the part of an artist who is a state beneficiary. The first work which showed the talent of the artist was the decoration of the *foyer* of the theatre in Bordeaux. There was such originality, power, and personality in this decoration that it at once made BOUGUEREAU conspicuous. His progress afterward was rapid. He soon secured the first, second, and third medals for artistic merit, and in 1859 received the order of the Legion of Honor. In 1876 he became a member of the Institute, and this is the highest honor France can pay an artist.

M. BOUGUEREAU's works are well known in the United States, for we were among the first outside of France to appreciate his singular merit. Among many of his pictures found in the United States, "The Mother's Treasure," "The Mother and Child," "Hesitation between Love and Riches," "Virgin and Angels," "Far from Home," "La Tricoteuse," "Maternal Solicitude," "Nymphs and Satyr," "Homer and his Guide," "The Guardian Angel," may be cited.

Perhaps a somewhat narrow-minded idea has been entertained by those who only know BOUGUEREAU from his "Nymphs and Satyr," criticism being directed, not as to the quality of the work itself, but the choice of the subject. Magnificent in drawing, notable for its vivacity of action, resplendent in color, it is a masterpiece. It only shows how great is the scope of the painter. If in delicacy of conception there is no modern work of art which can surpass BOUGUEREAU's "Charity," or in tenderness equal his "Virgin and Angels," in his "Nymphs and Satyr" he shows how thoroughly he can enter into the character of any special work. It is nevertheless true that it will not be upon the Dryads or Fauns that M. BOUGUEREAU's fame in the future will rest, but upon his other works, those which excite human sympathies. He stands as the embodiment of that solid, thoughtful school of French art which protests against the firework flashes of the impressionists.

In portraiture M. BOUGUEREAU shows the utmost distinction. Whether the palm of portrait-painting belongs to him or to BONNAT will always be disputed. BOUGUEREAU seems to carry the finish of his portraits further than does his rival, seeking subtler expressions than does BONNAT.

Occupying one of the most important positions in France, having in large measure influenced the art of the last quarter of a century, the portrait of the artist, painted by himself and engraved by BAUDE, helps to a better understanding of the man.

LIFE-SAVING AT SEA.

A NOBLE ship, overcome by the fury of the gale, has struck upon a reef or sprung aleak, and in a short time becomes a helpless wreck. Heavy seas dash continually over her; the masts go by the board, killing or maiming several of the crew or passengers; the ship's boats are smashed to pieces or torn away by the tremendous waves; and there is such a terrific sea running that no boat could live in it for a moment. Time passes even in this agony: many have been washed overboard; but toward evening the gale has somewhat abated, and the shivering survivors, clinging to mast or rigging, eagerly scan the shifting, troubled horizon for signs of a sail. Or, if some of the boats are still uninjured, and the vessel must be abandoned, now is the time to test their serviceableness, and to show that the officers and men have been prepared for such an emergency as this. Alas! what often happens? Boats are stowed bottom up, and the ship sinks or goes to pieces before they can be cleared and got over the side; or they hang in davits through which it is found they are too long to be swung when the tragical moment comes for their employment.

But suppose that the boats are all intact and provisioned, that the men know their places, and discipline is maintained at the trying moment of leaving the ship, what of the many vessels which carry passengers in numbers preposterously in excess of the means supplied for preserving life in the event of disaster? It has always been a well-grounded complaint that passenger ships do not carry enough boats for even half the number of passengers in case of anything happening to the ship. In order to remedy this, many steamships now carry life-rafts on deck, which ordinarily form seats, but which, in case of sudden emergency, can be opened out into rafts capable of supporting a number of people. An Englishman named WHITE some time ago designed a bridge life-boat for passenger steamers. His invention consists in making the bridge used by the officers for crossing from one side of the ship to the other into a regular life-boat, which by a peculiar arrangement can be launched without difficulty and in the shortest possible space of time. One of these bridge life-boats was fitted to H.M. troop ship *Orontes*. It measured 40 feet in length, 10 feet 6 inches in breadth, and 4 feet in depth, and it was composed of two thicknesses of half-inch planking, with a cavity between. It weighed four tons, possessed air-tight chambers like an ordinary life-boat, and was so buoyant that, even if full of water, it could carry 100 men. These patent schemes show up very well on paper, but the difficulty generally is to make them work at the particular juncture when they are required. Something generally goes wrong just at the critical moment, and, besides, the best raft in the world would be useless in such a sea as is represented in the picture. People have

advocated rafts that should simply lie on the ship's deck, but which in time of emergency might merely have the lashings cut, and would then float off the deck as the ship went down. No doubt they would be useful; stray planks have before now often saved men's lives; but things have sometimes the disagreeable habit of not floating off the deck of a ship when she goes down, but of going down with her. They come up again, it is true, but the value of a raft would be somewhat impaired if it went down for a minute or two and then came up again bottom upward.

If a ship is wrecked near the shore there are still two appliances for saving life—the life-boat and the rocket apparatus. Many shipwrecked crews have been saved by the rocket apparatus at times when, from the tremendous surf or from other causes, no boat could possibly have approached the wreck. But when a ship is wrecked on the open sea, and her boats are disabled, the only hope is in keeping her afloat by hard, unremitting work at the pumps until some distant sail is sighted, and by signalling brought to the rescue. Sometimes it is found impossible to attract the attention of a passing ship, and then no tongue can tell the agonies of despair that seize upon the unfortunate castaways. But suppose some craft heaves in sight sufficiently near, and by extraordinary efforts the shipwrecked voyagers succeed in communicating a knowledge of their condition to those on board of her; and suppose, too, that the latter—alas! that the supposition should ever be delusive—are endowed with common humanity, the stranger's course is instantly altered, and, as time passes, her hull grows larger and larger to the view as she rises to the summit of the wave, to plunge again into a gulf so deep that one could hardly fancy she could ever come up again. Nearer and nearer she comes, alternately leaping and sinking, and now she is brought to, perhaps two furlongs off, and from her there prepares to come a life-boat manned by eight sturdy rowers under the command of an officer. The crowd of humanity on the fast subsiding wreck forget for a moment their own imminent peril, and rushing to the leeward side gaze on the spectacle with terror. Their hearts sink within them to see those daring men trust themselves on the awful sea, with nothing but a few ashen shafts to fight their way through its surging horrors. The opposite ship rears half her length from the waves and then dips down again. The next moment broad glassy mountains begin to swell beneath her, and she shoots up, leaving the cockle-shell afloat. The men struggle like ants with a wheat grain, and fall down a monstrous valley, rowing away from the overhanging hulk. Inch by inch they force their way through the raging waters, and after what seems an age to the awe-stricken spectators, she is alongside the waist of the doomed vessel. And now the most critical moment of all has arrived. Two of the boat's crew seize grappling-hooks, and fasten them to the vessel's side, while the rowers, under the guidance of the alert officer, steady the boat, and, half blinded by the salt spray, keep her from being dashed to pieces against the vessel. Presently the perilous work of transfer begins, and one by one the women and children are lowered in cages into the life-boat, while the officers of the wrecked vessel stand overhead, straining every nerve to maintain order and to expedite the hazardous operation. Soon the boat has received her living freight, and after facing destruction again and again in the herculean effort of getting clear of the ship, slowly but steadily cleaves her way back, amidst ringing cheers from both vessels. If successful in the first instance, boat after boat is despatched to the sinking vessel till all are taken off, and she is left to her fate.

D. C. MACDONALD.

"RUTH," OF SOUTH STREET.

A STROLL THROUGH SOUTH STREET.

DIRECTLY under the New York "approach" to the great suspension-bridge that spans the East River a thoughtful man may well pause and ponder. Over his head, higher, it seems, than small birds fly, hangs in mid-air a structure as mighty as Rider Haggard's dreams, and as fragile in looks as a spider's web—a haughty triumph of human skill over the very conditions of nature. Looking this way and that, you may realize with little effort that you stand in one of the very foci of material civilization, albeit the neighborhood is dingy. It needs not to "go down to the sea in ships" to know that in navigation lies the very romance of traffic; and here surely in the overhanging bowsprits that make a maze of the vista looking north or south, in the towering bulwarks of the bows of great vessels, in the puff and snort of steamers along the wharf line, in the weather-beaten inadequate wharves piled high with the treasures of commerce—in all these are to be recognized the grandeur of man's activity, the very spirit of civilization itself.

The naked soul of an idea, however, lives in a body gnarled and uncouth, if lusty and mighty, and this body in turn is clothed upon with careless and disordered garb. The outward seeming of traffic is confused and far from clean, yet it will be well worth while to scan it. Along this dingy, storm-worn street there are bits of rare color, quaint figures, and queer sights.

The roadway is crowded. Vilely paved, after the fashion New York follows, it is traversed by horse-cars that try the souls of teamsters, and seem never to get anywhere excepting out of one "jam" into another. With an indifference to the value of time that seems archaic amid such surroundings, people do ride in these cars. Trucks, drays, and peddlers' wagons make up the most of the throng, and at times and places there is real peril in the attempt of a foot-passenger to cross the thoroughfare.

"OI'M LUKKIN' FUR THE LOBSTER'S NAME, SORR."

From the gloomy blank walls of the great warehouses near the bridge to the beautiful granite Barge Office at the Battery stretches a long line of buildings, old and new, no floor or room in which is likely ever to be vacant. Great as the space is along the water-front, it is all too small for our commerce, and a large fraction of it, finding no foothold on our shore, has turned to Brooklyn and New Jersey. In these buildings are followed industries as various as the waves, but nearly all, like the waves, belonging in some way to the sea. Is it a junk-shop you stop to look at?—the ten thousand odds and ends that fill the dusty store-room or basement, and overflow the sidewalk and even the curb, are nautical, and smell of the bilge-water. Is it a lawyer's sign that catches the eye?—there are many lawyers here, but if you enter their dusty offices you will find them all proctors in admiralty. Is it the famous Fulton Market we enter?—the fish trade, far too great for the spacious fish-market opposite, is crowding the dealers in other provisions to the wall.

Nor will the two buildings, large as they are, accommodate the trade in sea food. At the wharves nearest to Fulton Ferry to the north, the fisher craft of all kinds and the trading schooners from Newfoundland-way discharge their cargoes, and the bulk is too great for the dealers' stalls, the crates that lie in the slips, and the cold-storage warehouses. Sometimes the fish are thrown back into the river, the yield rivalling the miraculous draught of the apostles. Not many years ago more than 15,000,000 mackerel came to New York in a single week. More than half a million were thrown back into the water, and good fish could be bought at retail for less than a cent apiece. There was a golden opportunity, and Moy Shoen Bak, a twenty-year-old Chinaman, saw it and seized it. He formed a syndicate among his fellow-countrymen and bought 2,000,000 mackerel. These he took to the Chinese quarter, and employing all the help he could, he speedily had them preserved in various ways in vogue among the Celestials. The syndicate cleared a fortune in two weeks, and Moy Shoen Bak is now rich beyond the dreams of Chinese avarice.

Chinamen are not the only picturesque characters around the markets. As we push through the crowd that clusters on the sidewalks bargaining for the fresh fish exposed on boxes and barrels and in wagons along the curb, a burly Celt, whose whiskers look pickled and whose garments betray his calling, holds up a huge lobster in his left hand, while he twists its wriggling legs roughly around. A twinkle in his eye invites a question, and being asked what he is doing, he replies, "Oi'm lukkin' fur the lobster's name, sorr."

"What do you mean by a lobster's name?"

"Sure ivery lobster has his own name, sorr. Ye'll foind it on wan o' its legs. They have the quarest names—Pat an' Pete an' Jim, an' ahl sarts. Luk! here's this fellow's."

Sure enough, on the inside of one leg, close to the body, is a faint gray-white patch, like a tiny label, with a few indistinct marks resembling badly blurred printed letters. One after another of the wriggling crustaceans does our Milesian friend examine, and on some leg of each one the label is plainly visible. None that we find is legible, though our friend declares that in many cases the "quarest" names can be read distinctly, and that the "name" is on every lobster that grows.

Farther along, past the familiar market and ferry, is the great fruit dock, where from the tropics and from southern Europe come vessels laden with the rich spoils of orchard and jungle and vineyard. Here are hundreds of vehicles, from the frail hand-cart of the street vender to the heavy truck of the wholesale jobber, taking their loads for distribution among millions of consumers. The bustle and seeming confusion are indescribable, and occasionally on a hot day there is a sudden burst of excitement when a tarantula, a centipede, or a crimson snake from Central America is discovered hidden in the fruit, having travelled hither as a stowaway. It sometimes happens that he bites, and his victim dies on the dock.

A little farther on are ramparts of cotton bales, almost enough to shelter a later General Jackson with his army. Hopping around like a gigantic bird, pecking here and there with a lean claw instead of a beak, is a modern Ruth. Surely she would not now fascinate Boaz, though one might almost fancy she had been gleaning ever since his day, so old and so deft she is. Fair to see, too, in her youth she must have been, for, rude as her costume is (and the artist tells that better than I can), her face has fine lines, that might have come from plain living and high thinking, and the strong features are to be fairly called distinguished. Good strong shoes and comfortable new-looking stockings show that she does not suffer from extreme poverty at least.

Standing along the sidewalks in groups, chatting, smoking, killing time as best they may, are the 'longshoremen. I have never seen them fraternizing with sailors, but they are a jolly, sociable lot of fellows generally, earning good wages when they work, and jealously guarding with a "trades-union" their monopoly of the work of loading and unloading the ships. When not at work they serve their country only as a detail in the wonderful picture of the water-front. I think nobody ever saw a 'longshoreman when not at work do anything more than stand around waiting, excepting on one spot. A few steps off from South Street, beside some little-used steps at the side door of a warehouse, they have drawn a checker-board on the sidewalk with red and blue chalk, and a duel at checkers is generally in good weather going on over this board, while a group of the players' friends stand around and watch the game approvingly.

Here is Jeannette Park. It is only a plus-or-minus acre in extent, and stands where Coenties Slip used to be. The canal-boats that used to winter there are mostly crowded out, and lie now at Gowanus when the canals are frozen up, though some still lie in the slips beyond the shore line that has been straightened by filling in all that was left of the original bay. The soil is not good, and the shrubs and one tree that were planted there are dying. So, too, one would think is the lone guardian of the peace, a park policeman who is stationed there, and who says with a melancholy smile that he never has anything to do but to stand and look around. One only child of all the neighborhood plays in the park, and he, the policeman says, is always there all day long, with never a comrade. Weird child!—Or is it that the policeman's moral tone is lowered by his extraordinary duties, and that he lies?

Has the sailor changed, through some mysterious evolution, or why is it that so few old sea-dogs are to be noticed along the street? It is where you would expect to find them rolling along on their sea-legs, breathing out strange marine oaths and a perfume of hot rum; but you don't—at least not numerously. I found one, though, a splendid specimen of his kind, getting an impossible danseuse in red and blue tattooed into his hairy chest by Professor Thomas. Like most other sailors, he has little to say to a stranger, perhaps because I cannot approach him properly, not knowing what manner of thought sailors ought to have, except as I have read sea novels. The wonderful man, however, who has reached the dignity of a learned title by sticking needles in his fellow-men for thirty-seven years, is more communicative. He seems to belong to South Street properly, for he is not as other men are. His speech is slow and grave, and his art to him is an art. He tells strange tales of tattooing elderly and well-to-do merchants and ladies in silk attire, and he discourses learnedly on the differences in inks, proving that his own are harmless by eating some of them. Also he imparts much information about the picturesque ladies and gentlemen in the museums, several of whom are, he says, of his own design.

THE PROFESSOR OF TATTOOING AT WORK.

It is a pleasant stroll, this walk down South Street, and to the careful observer it offers the attraction of almost an endless series of such oddities as we have noticed, for the tithe of what may be seen in an idle hour is not told here.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

FILLING THE LIFE-BOAT ("LE SAUVETAGE").—ENGRAVED BY CH. BAUDE FROM THE PICTURE BY DAWANT IN THE SALON OF 1889.—[SEE PAGE 386.]

EMMERLINE'S COW.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"I DECLARE if Ambrose Hackett hain't got the contr'yest spell he ever did have! I'm all beat out with his argyin' and argyin'."

Deacon Seth Tozier's thin, high-keyed old voice quavered, and it was with a trembling hand that he wiped his wrinkled face and the smooth bald head which contrasted so queerly with it; and he heaved a great sigh as he lowered his angular, stooping frame cautiously into a chintz-covered rocking-chair.

"You hadn't ought to talk politics with him, pa," said his daughter Lyddy, fanning him tenderly with a great turkey-feather fan. "You're all het up." The lively little breeze which the fan made blew the loose rings and tendrils of Lyddy's yellow-brown hair into very becoming disarray, and the exercise brought a color to her cheek which matched the pink of her gown, and a very pretty picture was reflected in the old-fashioned looking-glass, on the top of which perched a gilt owl of an uncommonly austere aspect, which suggested overmuch reflection upon human vanity. The young man lounging upon the door-step cast admiring glances at the mirror, and Lyddy's mother, a large woman, stepping heavily but energetically about the room in preparations for supper, allowed a smile of subtle satisfaction to wrinkle the corners of her eyes.

"It wa'n't politics this time," said "pa," drawing another long breath. "Land! if we'd teched upon them, as contr'y as he was to-day, I expect the fur would 'a flew! There ain't no time that I come so nigh to forgettin' my Christian perfession as I do when Ambrose Hackett gets one of his contr'y spells."

"La, pa, you don't know how to get along with him," said Mrs. Tozier. "'Tain't reasonin' does it, but managin'. You put me in mind of our old cropple-crown hen, that keeps cacklin' and cacklin', kind of mild and monoterous, at the ugly old gobbler, tryin' to peacify him, and there ain't nothin' in the whole barn-yard that riles him so; she can't keep no tail feathers, and her head is bleedin' all the time. Mis' Hackett she says she can't have no riz doughnuts without she tells him she's goin' to make 'em out of milk and eggs; then he begins to argy in favor of riz doughnuts; so she has 'em the way she wants 'em, and peacifies him too. Emmerline she won't do them things, but she is one of the silent kind, and don't cross him no more'n she can help, I guess. Anyhow he sets by Emmerline, though he will thwart her when he's contr'y, same's he will anybody. It makes him nigh about crazy to have her talk about goin' back to her friends in Massachusetts. But I 'most wonder that she don't; it must be about as tryin' to be Ambrose Hackett's daughter-in-law as his wife."

Lyddy looked into the glass, and met the young man's gaze. She thought his face had changed at the mention of Emmerline, but in a glass one sees darkly; it might not be. And it was consoling that one had on one's pink dress, which was becoming, since as he sat he could scarcely avoid looking into the glass.

"I'm terrible afraid I've fetched trouble on to Emmerline," said Deacon Tozier, the anxious expression returning to his brow, which had grown placid under Lyddy's ministrations.

"Was it about Emmerline?" asked Lyddy, quickly.

"One thing fetched on another," said Deacon Tozier, in a despairing tone. "In the first place, he said it wa'n't the year of the great thunderstorm that Galen Tibbetts broke his leg in the mowin'-machine. I could 'a proved it to him if he'd 'a listened to reason, but he wouldn't. Well, then I kind of changed the subject round to meetin' matters, jest to remind him of his Christian perfession, and that he hadn't ought to be so contr'y; and if he didn't go to calc'latin' that the new minister wa'n't no hand for preachin', for all he was so pop'lar, and that he wa'n't spiritooal neither. And then he up and said there wa'n't no great spiritooality exceptin' 'mongst the Baptists. Why, good land! he never had no commess with Baptists; he hain't no kith or kin 'mongst 'em; he don't know nothin' about 'em; 'twas only jest because there ain't none in this town that he said that; and he went to argyin' about immersion. It's terrible warm weather to contend against contr'yness, and I wa'n't, as you might say, prepared to argy on that subject, but I tried to reason with him kind of mild and conciliatin'—"

"Jest for all the world like our old cropple-crown a-cacklin' at the gobbler," interrupted Mrs. Tozier, with wifely candor.

"It *didn't* seem to do no good," admitted Deacon Tozier, sadly. "He was such a terrible ferce Baptist! It put me in mind of the time when I come acrost him a-settin' on the hotel piazza, over to Carmel, argyin' agin prohibition. They're all for it over there, you see. If it wa'n't a curiosity to hear him argyin' as ferce one way as he does t'other way over here! The majority is agin it here, you know. I come up behind him, and he didn't see me at first. When he did he looked for a minute as if I'd ketched him stealin' sheep, and then he straightened up and went on talkin'. He never said nothin' to me about it except that he was glad he had a tarlent for more'n one p'int of view; the trouble with most folks was that they hadn't. Well, he was so strong on the Baptist p'int of view this afternoon that after reasonin' awhile I tried to change the subject, and if I wa'n't awk'ard and unforternit enough to get him on to the subject of the new town-hall! He's all brustled up because they've voted to have it down to the Corner. He kind of favored the Corner at first; he said he didn't know what they wanted a town-hall at Hemlock Ridge for without 'twas for the foxes; but now there ain't no place but the Ridge that 'll suit him. He's in a terrible takin' about it. I calc'late it's that has fetched on the contr'yest spell I ever see him have. He up and said that 'Lihu Merritt's first wife wa'n't a Carter. I did reason with him considerable about that, but I see he was gettin' so mad I kind of looked round for a safe way to change the subject, and lookin' over into the barn-yard—he was a-settin' on the wood-pile and I was leanin' agin the fence—says I, as conciliatin' as I could: 'My cows is kind of a homely-lookin' lot. What a harnsome cretur that cow of Emmerline's is!' I hadn't ought to 'a said it. My cattle are oncommon well-favored, if I do say it, but I kind of thought 'twould please him. I expect 'twas a jedgment on me the way he took it."

"I expect you might as well not try to do no managin', Seth," said his wife, in a tone of hopeless resignation.

"'Emmerline's cow!' he screeched out. 'What's Emmerline's cow? I don't calc'late there's no creturs on my farm but what belongs to me.' And I says, kind of mild, you know—I says, 'Well, I kind of run of an idee that that white cow with the spots and the red star in her forehead was Lysander's, and so had kind of fell to Emmerline when he died.' 'There wa'n't nothin' that was Lysander's, and there ain't nothin' fell to Emmerline but what I'm a mind to give her,' says he; and his face was red clearn up to the wen on the top of his head. 'And what's more, she ain't no kind of a cow, Betsey ain't, and I'm a-goin' to sell her to Snebbins the butcher.' Well, it come acrost me all of a sudden how terrible bad Emmerline would feel. She raised that cow from a calf, and she's always set by her. I couldn't help rememberin' how I see her and Lysander a-pettin' Betsey, and lettin' the little feller that died ride on her back, and Betsey with her eyes like a human cretur's almost, and as pleased and proud! She did look so, anyhow. Makin' of animals, even if it ain't nothin' but a cow, does seem to put a soul into 'em, as you might almost say. Lysander he'd say, 'Betsey's a lady if ever there was one,' and if that cretur wouldn't give her head a rub agin the fence! Thinkin' of them things, I couldn't help tryin' to reason with Ambrose—kind of mild and soothin', of course. I jest told him that like enough Emmerline set by that cow for the sake of them that was gone, and he hadn't ought to think of selling her, anyhow. I told him we all of us felt contr'y and irritable sometimes, and then we was dretful apt to do something that we was sorry for afterwards. It didn't seem to have a mite of a softenin' effect on him. He hopped down off that wood-pile as lively as a cricket—I've always noticed that he didn't seem to have no realizin' sense of his rheumatiz when he had a contr'y spell—and off he went, a-mutterin' that he'd learn folks that his farm and the creturs on it belonged to him, and nobody else. And if he ain't a-drivin' that cow down to Snebbins's by this time I ain't acquainted with Ambrose Hackett."

"Well, I expect Emmerline will take that hard: she's one of the kind that sets by animals natural. I shouldn't wonder if it should be the means of her makin' up her mind to go back to her folks in Massachusetts," said Mrs. Tozier.

"Oh, poor Emmerline!" said Lyddy, with deepest sympathy in her voice.

The young man in the doorway rose to his feet; his freckled face flushed to the roots of his auburn hair. "I expect I'd better be goin'," he said. And all Mrs. Tozier's earnest invitations to stay to supper were powerless to keep him.

With sad speculation in her eyes, Lyddy watched in the glass his strong, well-knit figure going with great strides through the lane.

"I should think you might have said a word to keep him, Lyddy," said her mother, in aggrieved tones. "Nowadays, when men are so scarce and shy, girls have to put themselves forward. You don't know how to manage no more'n your father does. Sometimes it seems to me that these easy-goin' folks is about as tryin' as contr'y ones. And there's Marilly Daggett a-tellin' me every Sunday how well settled in life both her daughters are. Seems as if she liked to spoil my meetin'."

"Land, ma, I guess Lyddy won't be obleeged to look out for herself," said Deacon Tozier, with fond pride.

"'Tain't as 'twas when you and I was young, pa. Nowadays girls that don't look out for themselves are old maids, or else they take up with poor creturs and slave themselves to death. With all the timber land Judson's got up there to the 'Roostick, and the mills he has bought down here, he must be consid'able well off. And there's plenty ready to snatch at him. I did think 'twas a real Proverdence that he was your half-sister Sarah's husband's nephew, but—"

"Well, if Proverdence is attendin' to it, ma, we may as well not worry," said Deacon Tozier, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Proverdence never does for folks that sets and twiddles their thumbs," said Mrs. Tozier, sententiously. "And there's afflicted folks round here that 'ain't got their eyes so full of tears but what they can see the main chance."

"I expect I'm kind of dull. I can't tell more'n half the time what ma is drivin' at; can you, Lyddy? She's smarter'n what we be, 'n' that's a fact. She's a dretful smart woman, that mother of yours, Lyddy." Mrs. Tozier jerked the table-cloth sharply to show that she was quite unmollified. "But I don't calc'late that we need to trouble ourselves none about Judson Rich. 'Tain't for nothin' that it's took him two or three months to get his bargain made for them mills."

"Oh, you sweet, comfortable old daddy!" murmured Lyddy, in the seclusion of the dairy, whither she had gone to get a pitcher of milk for supper. "What a blessing folks are that ain't too long-sighted!"

Ambrose Hackett had had "no realizin' sense of his rheumatiz" all the way up the long hill which he had to climb to reach his farm. He was forced to stop occasionally to draw a long breath and to wipe his heated brow, for not only was the day warm, but his heart was hot within him.

"There ain't no use argyin' with fools," he muttered. "I've been nigh about killed with 'em. You can't fetch 'em to the right p'int of view nohow. They're contr'y jest because they can't see straight. I s'pose I'd ought to have patience. But I *be* the patientest cretur that ever was till they get me clearn put out. When it comes to meddlin' with my proputty, and disposin' of it without consultin' me, I'll show 'em that they're a-goin' too far. I've heard tell of that bein' Emmerline's cow as long as I can stan' it. And 'twa'n't only the other day that I ketched Emmerline a-feedin' her with the best of the Tolman sweetin's. They've got her so fatted up and pompied she ain't fit for nothin' but beef."

Before he reached his house—a great staring white house, alone and bleak on the very top of the hill—he let down some bars and crossed a field, calling "Betsey" all the way. He called softly, and cast furtive glances toward the house, but he would have strenuously denied even to himself that these facts had any significance. In the pool into which the brook obligingly broadened and deepened itself, under the shade of a great oak-tree, Emmerline's cow was standing serene and contemplative.

"That cretur always knows how to take care of herself; she ain't a mite het up. There's the others with the sun a-pourin' down on 'em. There's one good thing about their pompyin' her so; she's learned to come when she's called."

In fact Betsey left her luxurious ease with only a slight show of reluctance, and crossed the pasture to the bars where Ambrose Hackett waited. She laid her nose on the topmost rail, and he raised his hand to stroke her, but remembered and hardened his heart just in time. He liked his animals, this "contr'y" Ambrose Hackett, and was kind to them. He hesitated to let down the bars.

"It's consid'able of a piece down to Snebbins's' and it's terrible hot; mebbe I'd better put it off till to-morrow. But there! it's bein' so soft-hearted and weak-kneed as I be that makes folks take the advantage of me. I've got to show 'em that I won't be put upon no more!"

He went slyly up to the barn and found a rope to lead Betsey with; ordinarily that was not necessary, she was so docile; but the smell of the shambles might make even her unruly.

He drove a sharp bargain with Snebbins the butcher; it was a relief to have his mind absorbed as a bargain always absorbed it. He felt strong and resolute as he came away. But something moved him to look back, and he saw Betsey's soft, human-looking eyes wild with terror, and she uttered a long, wailing cry that rang in his ears long after he was out of hearing.

"Nothin' but a beef cretur!" he said to himself. "I'm a drivellin' idjut, and it's no wonder I'm sot on. I expect it's all along of little Ambrose's settin' so much by her that I take it so hard."

As he walked on his feelings all became merged in a dread of meeting Emmerline, and by the time the great white house on the hill came in sight he had resolved to weakly temporize by telling Emmerline that he "expected Betsey had got astray some'eres."

Worthy Mrs. Tozier went to bed with the chickens, and the deacon, after nodding awhile over his newspaper, in imminent danger of setting it on fire with the candle which he always held in his hand between him and the paper while he read, had followed her. Lyddy, solitary and a little sad, had wandered out into the porch to look up at the white house on the hill and wonder whether, in the green paper curtained parlor, with the funeral wreaths on the walls, Emmerline was entertaining a guest, when a sudden step made her start, and a familiar voice called her name.

"I want to speak to you; I waited until I thought you would be alone." And Lyddy went down into the garden path with her heart in a flutter, for her visitor was Judson Rich. There was a tremor in the voice that came to her through the soft dusk, and she felt herself trembling as she went to meet it. The garden had become enchanted ground, and the odors of hops and marigolds were wafts from paradise.

"I kind of thought you understood," said Judson, and some faint moon rays struggling through the elm branches showed her his flushed forehead and averted eyes—"I've kind of thought for a considerable spell back that you knew. I wish't I could 'a made *her* know it as easy; but either she ain't so quick, or else it's because I'm such an awful bashful fellow, that she don't appear to see what I'm hanging round here for. I don't know as I ever was so awful bashful before, either. I could talk to you easy enough the first time I saw you. But let me get where she is, and I'm just tongue-tied, as you might say. Don't seem as if I'd ever dared to take a good look at her, and yet I know pretty well how she looks. Land! her face comes right up before me, whether my eyes are open or shut. And I come down here thinkin' of nothin' in the world but drivin' logs down river and getting hold of some mill property. And she never took the trouble to give me a smile scarcely; and I was always set against widows. Kind of curious those things are—ain't they? But I don't suppose a girl like you knows anything about it. Of course I have never dared to say a word to her. I don't know as I ever shall. But I couldn't stand it anyhow to have her feel bad about her cow. I went down to Snebbins's and bought her, and as I hadn't any place to put her, I brought her here. She's out there in the barn-yard. I knew your father would be willing I should put her in his barn, but it was kind of awkward to speak to him about it—a fellow does hate to be joked, you know. And now I don't darst to tell her what I've done. Seems as if it might kind of pave the way if a fellow was smart; but land! I ain't anybody where she's concerned. You can't imagine how discouragin' it is to have a person just as easy and indifferent and absent-minded, and no more expecting a fellow to say anything particular than she expects the spun-glass peacock on the mantel-piece to set up and squawk; it just wilts a fellow right down. I want her to know that I've bought the cow for her. Of course I don't want her to feel under any obligation, but it will kind of show her how I feel towards her. If I sent it right up to her it might seem too abrupt, and kind of astonish her; and, too, it might make the old man mad, and make things hard for her. Some fellows that had a talent for it might write it all out to her, but let me take pen and ink and my ideas seem to freeze right up, and I can't get 'em out anyhow. If I could get any further than to tell her that my health was good, and I hoped she was enjoying the same blessing, I should be just as likely as not to ask her if she didn't like pumpkin pies sweetened with molasses, or some such all-fired foolishness. And I've seen smarter folks than I am turn foolish when they got hold of a pen and ink. So I sort of thought maybe you'd tell her that I'd got the cow for her, and kind of somehow let her know that it meant—well, considerable."

Lyddy caught her breath.

"Well, I don't wonder that you hesitate. I suppose it is queer for me to ask you. A fellow ought to do his own courting."

"Oh, I don't hesitate; I'll tell her; I'll go the very first thing in the morning," said Lyddy, with feverish eagerness. "And I'll give you the key of the barn door, and you can drive the cow in there, and when you come back just hang the key on the nail in the porch, because I sha'n't be here; it's late."

Lyddy was walking very fast up the long hill that led to Ambrose Hackett's at nine o'clock the next morning. She had risen very early to explain to her father how Emmerline's cow happened to be in their barn. It would have been less difficult if it had not been necessary that her mother should hear about it.

"It ain't nothin' surprisin' when a girl won't put herself forard," Mrs. Tozier had declared; "but I *should* hate to be cut out by a great, lank, sallow thing with nothin' but a pair of big black eyes to recommend her."

"Widows always 'pears to be kind of drawin'," observed Deacon Tozier, mildly; "but I kind of think 'twas jest because Lyddy showed an interest in Emmerline and her cow that Judson bought it. I can see as fur into things as most folks, and that's my idee."

Lyddy found Emmerline going swiftly and silently about her morning work in the great living-room of the farm-house, and at Lyddy's intimation that she wished to see her alone she led the way silently to the parlor—a room which suggested funerals to Lyddy, since she had never known it to be used on any other occasion. Sacred to courting and funerals the parlors of Hebron were apt to be, and a row of coffin plates was the chief ornament of the mantel-pieces. The young women sat down together on the slippery hair-cloth sofa under the funeral wreaths. Emmerline was tall and angular, and her black hair was drawn tightly back from temples that were somewhat hollow. Soft and dreamy dark eyes contradicted the general coldness of her face. She wore a string of small black beads around her long neck, and a collar of rusty black crape over her dress of mourning calico was pinned with an old-fashioned bosom pin, upon which were depicted a tombstone, a weeping-willow, and a drooping female with a reticule of abnormal size upon her arm.

"Old Mrs. Hackett gave her that," thought Lyddy, noticing trifles keenly, as people are apt to do in mental stress. "I remember seeing her wear it in church when I was little, and wondering if the woman's reticule was so big because the woman needed such lots of handkerchiefs."

Emmerline's eyelids were red, and her calm showed a ruffled undercurrent, which was very unusual.

Lyddy told her tale in hard, incisive little sentences, and it sounded in her own ears as if some one else were telling it.

"It ain't anything more'n what I expected—I mean what become of Betsey," said Emmerline. "He's acted so nervous and fidgety, and he's kept saying he calc'lated she'd wandered off. And I knew he hadn't liked to have me think she was my cow. Every contr'y spell he's had I've been expecting he'd sell her, but I wouldn't have thought he'd have carried her to Snebbins's. I'd about made up my mind to go back to my folks in Massachusetts. It was real kind of him to get her." It seemed to Lyddy that she was less impressed by the lover's devotion than by the safety of the cow. "I never knew that he thought anything about me. He'd come here and sit kind of stupid, and sometimes he'd have considerable to say about what kind of victuals he liked, and tell what a sight of logs he'd got in his boom up to the Bend."

"He's in love with you; he wants to marry you," reiterated Lyddy, parrotwise.

"If that's so, maybe I'd better take him. I had calculated to go back to my folks in Massachusetts, but, between you and me, I've got a step-mother there that's so nagging that seems as if 'twas out of the frying-pan into the fire. That's what's kept me through all his contr'yness. I hadn't thought I should marry again. Seems as if the riskiest part of it was his folks. Your own folks are what the Lord sends, and you feel as if you'd got to put up with 'em; but his folks are troubles that you fetch right on to yourself, and they're the hardest to bear. He's steady and likely, and what he's got belongs to himself, I expect, and not to his father. You have to get married once to know anything about what you're doing. I never thought but what the property here was just as good as Lysander's. I'd rather stay a widow if I could without being put upon, but as things are I guess I'd better take him. You may tell him that he can come and see me about it if he wants to. Kind of curious for him to set you to speaking for him, but he does appear bashful, and you're relations, ain't you? I expect Father

Hackett will make a great fuss, but he hasn't anybody but himself to blame. I shouldn't think of doing it if he'd treated me right."

Lyddy went homeward feeling shocked and bewildered. Emmerline was only two years older than she, but what a different world she saw through those tender, dreamy eyes of hers! Which was the real world, hers or Emmerline's? Probably it was true that she was a little fool, as her mother often said, and how cruelly little fools could be hurt when no one was in the least to blame! And Judson—how would it fare with him when he found out that those soft eyes meant nothing that they looked? But it might—could it be possible that he would never know the difference? He was waiting for her at the orchard bars—such an eager wooer!—and lightly and gayly she sent him up to Emmerline; for even little fools must take care of their womanly pride.

That night Ambrose Hackett could not sleep. His wife had told him, with grim satisfaction, that Emmerline had decided to go immediately back to her folks in Massachusetts. She had found out that her cow had been driven to the butcher's. His "contr'y spell" was passing away, and gnawing remorse was taking its place. Mis' Hackett, as he always called his wife, was perhaps the Nemesis that haunted his imagination most vividly. How many times in the years that might be his allotted span would she remind him that it was he who had done this despite to Lysander's memory, and deprived them of a daughter's care in their old age? There were people who held that Ambrose Hackett's "contr'yness" was amply punished by Mis' Hackett's genius for repetition. He had humbled himself so far as to go down to Snebbins's to try to get the cow back; but the weather had turned cool, and it was too late. Snebbins had offered him a quarter of the beef!

He left his bed and wandered restlessly round the room, while the crickets chirped monotonously outside, and Mis' Hackett softly snored the snore of the just.

The moonlight was dim, and a light mist had floated up from the lowlands, where the brook wandered into devious courses. Looking out of the window, he saw through the mist the shape of a cow in the field. At first he thought the mist had taken that shape in his fevered fancy. But the mist slowly dissolved, and the cow was still there, and as white as the mist. Now he could see three red spots on her back; she turned her head, and there was a star on her forehead.

"I declare I never heard of anybody's seein' the sperit of a beef cretur! But there ain't a cow like that no'eres round here. I'll set a spell and see if I ain't dreamin', and if I ain't I'll go down and see what the cretur is."

Having satisfied himself that he was awake, he went out to the stone wall which bordered the field. Had Snebbins played him a trick? It was not in the least like Snebbins to trifle in a matter where dollars and cents were concerned. It was almost as easy to believe that Betsey's ghost had revisited the glimpses of the moon.

"I guess I ain't one to be scairt—" Either because of his perturbation or of the darkness he caught his foot in the stone wall which he was attempting to get over, and he fell forward with a loud cry. He had sprained his ankle, and the pain was so severe that for a minute or two he lost consciousness. When he came to himself the cow had disappeared.

"I swum if it *wa'n't* the cretur's ghost!" he said to himself, and for a while he lay where he had fallen, bathed in a cold perspiration, and not daring to move hand or foot. Then he regained sufficient courage to call lustily for help, and brought the hired man and Mis' Hackett both from their beds. It was late in the afternoon of the next day before he revealed to Mis' Hackett the cause of his nocturnal wandering.

"Betsey's ghost! Hain't you got no more sense than that, Ambrose Hackett? Why, it was the cretur herself. She broke out of Seth Tozier's cow-yard; they didn't know where she'd gone. I expect she was homesick, poor cretur! When you fell and hollered you scairt her so she went off. She hadn't no great reason to put confidence in you! The Lufkin boys saw her down in the swamp. Judson Rich is huntin' for her."

"Judson Rich! What has he got to do with her?" demanded the old man.

"He bought her of Snebbins for Emmerline. He made Snebbins agree to say nothin' about it. He's a-goin' to marry Emmerline."

"To marry Emmerline!" echoed the old man, in amazement.

"Yes; and if you go to contr'yin', it won't do no good." Mis' Hackett grew severe in proportion to the unwonted meekness of her husband. "I don't think she sets much by the match, but she calc'lates to put herself where she won't be trod on no more."

"You ask Emmerline to come here to me—won't you?" said Ambrose Hackett, in a conciliating tone.

Lyddy was standing before the looking-glass the next morning, with the owl glowering down at her. There was no one else in the room, and she had stopped in passing to wonder how such an exuberance of pink and white prettiness could cover a heartache. "I shall be a little fat old maid," she said to herself.

A dark figure suddenly overshadowed her in the glass, and there in the doorway stood Emmerline. Her black shawl drooped in melancholy folds from her narrow shoulders, but her face looked brighter than usual under her wide black hat. She spoke in her accustomed unmoved tones.

"I ain't going to have him, after all," she said. "I thought I'd drop in and tell you, seeing you had taken an interest. I told him when he came up last night. He's gone back up to the 'Roostick this morning; just as sudden as that. He seemed to take it real hard, but I couldn't see as I was to blame. You see Father Hackett come right round; he appeared as if he'd met with a change. Not but what I expect he'll get contr'y again; it ain't in him not to, but I can stand that as long as he's agreed to leave every mite of the property to me. He's sent for Lawyer Fisk to draw up his will. I don't know but what *he* had just as much, or more; I couldn't seem to find out just what he did have. But the old folks can't live long, and it's different to have things your own from what it is to be hanging on to a man and taking what he's a mind to give you."

"So Judson's gone off," said Deacon Tozier, when he came in to dinner that day. "But I calc'late he'll be back again before long. I can see as fur into things as most folks, and that's my idee."

"I hope Emmerline has got her cow," said Mrs. Tozier, crisply. "There's been fussin' enough."

THE RUSH TO OKLAHOMA.

In some respects the recent settlement of Oklahoma was the most remarkable thing of the present century. Unlike Rome, the city of Guthrie was built in a day. To be strictly accurate in the matter, it might be said that it was built in an afternoon. At twelve o'clock on Monday, April 22d, the resident population of Guthrie was nothing; before sundown it was at least ten thousand. In that time streets had been laid out, town lots staked off, and steps taken toward the formation of a municipal government. At twilight the camp-fires of ten thousand people gleamed on the grassy slopes of the Cimarron Valley, where, the night before, the coyote, the gray wolf, and the deer had roamed undisturbed. Never before in the history of the West has so large a number of people been concentrated in one place in so short a time. To the conservative Eastern man, who is wont to see cities grow by decades, the settlement of Guthrie was magical beyond belief; to the quick-acting resident of the West, it was merely a particularly lively town-site speculation.

The preparations for the settlement of Oklahoma had been complete, even to the slightest detail, for weeks before the opening day. The Santa Fe Railway, which runs through Oklahoma north and south, was prepared to take any number of people from its handsome station at Arkansas City, Kansas, and to deposit them in almost any part of Oklahoma as soon as the law allowed; thousands of covered wagons were gathered in camps on all sides of the new Territory waiting for the embargo to be lifted. In its picturesque aspects the rush across the border at noon on the opening day must go down in history as one of the most noteworthy events of Western civilization. At the time fixed, thousands of hungry home-seekers, who had gathered from all parts of the country, and particularly from Kansas and Missouri, were arranged in line along the border, ready to lash their horses into furious speed in the race for fertile spots in the beautiful land before them. The day was one of perfect peace. Overhead the sun shone down from a sky as fair and blue as the cloudless heights of Colorado. The whole expanse of space from zenith to horizon was spotless in its blue purity. The clear spring air, through which the rolling green billows of the promised land could be seen with unusual distinctness for many miles, was as sweet and fresh as the balmy atmosphere of June among New Hampshire's hills.

As the expectant home-seekers waited with restless patience, the clear, sweet notes of a cavalry bugle rose and hung a moment upon the startled air. It was noon. The last barrier of savagery in the United States was broken down. Moved by the same impulse, each driver lashed his horses furiously; each rider dug his spurs into his willing steed, and each man on foot caught his breath hard and darted forward. A cloud of dust rose where the home-seekers had stood in line, and when it had drifted away before the gentle breeze, the horses and wagons and men were tearing across the open country like fiends. The horsemen had the best of it from the start. It was a fine race for a few minutes, but soon the riders began to spread out like a fan, and by the time they had reached the horizon they were scattered about as far as eye could see. Even the fleetest of the horsemen found upon reaching their chosen localities that men in wagons and men on foot were there before them. As it was clearly impossible for a man on foot to outrun a horseman, the inference is plain that Oklahoma had been entered hours before the appointed time. Notwithstanding the assertions of the soldiers that every boomer had been driven out of Oklahoma, the fact remains that the woods along the various streams within Oklahoma were literally full of people Sunday night. Nine-tenths of these people made settlement upon the land illegally. The other tenth would have done so had there been any desirable land left to settle upon. This action on the part of the first claim-holders will cause a great deal of land litigation in the future, as it is not to be expected that the man who ran his horse at its utmost speed for ten miles only to find a settler with an ox team in quiet possession of his chosen farm will tamely submit to this plain infringement of the law.

Some of the men who started from the line on foot were quite as successful in securing desirable claims as many who rode fleet horses. They had the advantage of knowing just where their land was located. One man left the line with the others, carrying on his back a tent, a blanket, some camp dishes, an axe, and provisions for two days. He ran down the railway track for six miles, and reached his claim in just sixty minutes. Upon arriving on his land he fell down under a tree, unable to speak or see. I am glad to be able to say that his claim is one of the best in Oklahoma. The rush from the line was so impetuous that by the time the first railway train arrived from the north at twenty-five minutes past twelve o'clock, only a few of the hundreds of boomers were anywhere to be seen. The journey of this first train was well-nigh as interesting as the rush of the men in wagons. The train left Arkansas City at 8.45 o'clock in the forenoon. It consisted of an empty baggage car, which was set apart for the use of the newspaper correspondents, eight passenger coaches, and the caboose of a freight train. The coaches were so densely packed with men that not another human being could get on board. So uncomfortably crowded were they that some of the younger boomers climbed to the roofs of the cars and clung perilously to the ventilators. An adventurous person secured at great risk a seat on the forward truck of the baggage car.

In this way the train was loaded to its utmost capacity. That no one was killed or injured was due as much to the careful management of the train as to the ability of the passengers to take care of themselves. Like their friends in the wagons, the boomers on the cars were exultant with joy at the thought of at last entering into possession of the promised land. At first appearances the land through which the train ran seemed to justify all the virtues that had been claimed for it. The rolling, grassy uplands, and the wooded river-bottoms, the trees in which were just bursting into the most beautiful foliage of early spring, seemed to give a close reality to the distant charm of green and purple forest growths, which rose from the trough of some long swell and went heaving away to meet the brighter hues in the far-off sky. Throughout all the landscape were clumps of trees suggesting apple orchards set in fertile meadows, and here and there were dim patches of gray and white sand that might in a less barbarous region be mistaken for farm-houses surrounded by hedges and green fields. Truly the Indians have well-named Oklahoma the "beautiful land." The landless and home-hungry people on the train might be pardoned their mental exhilaration, when the effect of this wonderfully beautiful country upon the most prosaic mind is fully considered. It was an eager and an exuberantly joyful crowd that rode slowly into Guthrie at twenty minutes past one o'clock on that perfect April afternoon. Men who had expected to lay out the town site were grievously disappointed at the first glimpse of their proposed scene of operations. The slope east of the railway at Guthrie station was dotted white with tents and sprinkled thick with men running about in all directions.

"We're done for," said a town-site speculator, in dismay. "Some one has gone in ahead of us and laid out the town."

"Never mind that," shouted another town-site speculator, "but make a rush and get what you can."

Hardly had the train slackened its speed when the impatient boomers began to leap from the cars and run up the slope. Men jumped from the roofs of the moving cars at the risk of their lives. Some were so stunned by the fall that they could not get up for some minutes. The coaches were so crowded that many men were compelled to squeeze through the windows in order to get a fair start at the head of the crowd. Almost before the train had come to a standstill the cars were emptied. In their haste and eagerness, men fell over each other in heaps, others stumbled and fell headlong, while many ran forward so blindly and impetuously that it was not until they had passed the best of the town lots that they came to a realization of their actions.

I ran with the first of the crowd to get a good point of view from which to see the rush. When I had time to look about me I found that I was standing beside a tent, near which a man was leisurely chopping holes in the sod with a new axe.

"Where did you come from, that you have already pitched your tent?" I asked.

"Oh, I was here," said he.

"How was that?"

"Why, I was a deputy United States marshal."

"Did you resign?"

"No; I'm a deputy still."

"But it is not legal for a deputy United States marshal, or any one in the employ of the government, to take up a town lot in this manner."

"That may all be, stranger; but I've got two lots here, just the same; and about fifty other deputies have got lots in the same way. In fact, the deputy-marshals laid out the town."

At intervals of fifteen minutes, other trains came from the north loaded down with home-seekers and town-site speculators. As each succeeding crowd rushed up the slope and found that government officers had taken possession of the best part of the town, indignation became hot and outspoken; yet the marshals held to their lots and refused to move. Bloodshed was prevented only by the belief of the home-seekers that the government would set the matter right.

This course of the deputy United States marshals was one of the most outrageous pieces of imposition upon honest home-seekers ever practised in the settlement of a new country. That fifty men could, through influence, get themselves appointed as deputy United States marshals for the sole purpose of taking advantage of their positions in this way is creditable neither to them nor to the man who made their appointment possible. This illegal seizure thus became the first matter of public discussion in the city of Guthrie.

When the passengers from the first train reached the spot where the deputy-marshals had ceased laying out lots, they seized the line of the embryo street and ran it eastward as far as their numbers would permit. The second train load of people took it where the first left off, and ran it entirely out of sight behind a swell of ground at least two miles from the station. The following car loads of home-seekers went north and south, so that by the time that all were in for the day a city large enough in area to hold 100,000 inhabitants had been staked off, with more or less geometrical accuracy. A few women and children were in the rush, but they had to take their chances with the rest. Disputes over the ownership of lots grew incessant, for the reason that when a man went to the river for a drink of water, or tried to get his baggage at the railway station, another man would take possession of his lot, notwithstanding the obvious presence of the first man's stakes and sometimes part of his wearing apparel. Owing to the uncertainty concerning the lines of the streets, two and sometimes more lots were staked out on the same ground, each claimant hoping that the official survey would give him the preference. Contrary to all expectations, there was no bloodshed over the disputed lots. This may be accounted for by the fact that no intoxicating liquors of any kind were allowed to be sold in Oklahoma. It is a matter of common comment among the people that the peaceful way in which Oklahoma was settled was due entirely to its compulsory prohibition. Had whiskey been plentiful in Guthrie the disputed lots might have been watered in blood, for every man went armed with some sort of deadly weapon. If there could be a more striking temperance lesson than this, I certainly should like to see it.

When Congress gives Oklahoma some sort of government the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor should be the first and foremost of her laws.

It is estimated that between six and seven thousand persons reached Guthrie by train from the north the first afternoon, and that fully three thousand came in by wagon from the north and east, and by train from Purcell on the south, thus making a total population for the first day of about ten thousand. By taking thought in the matter, three-fourths of these people had provided themselves with tents and blankets, so that even on the first night they had ample shelter from the weather. The rest of them slept the first night as best they could, with only the red earth for a pillow and the starry arch of heaven for a blanket. At dawn of Tuesday the unrefreshed home-seekers and town-site speculators arose, and began anew the location of disputed claims. The tents multiplied like mushrooms in a rain that day, and by night the building of frame houses had been begun in earnest in the new streets. The buildings were by no means elaborate, yet they were as good as the average frontier structure, and they served their purpose, which was all that was required.

On that day the trains going north were filled with returning boomers, disgusted beyond expression with the dismal outlook of the new country. Their places were taken by others who came in to see the fun, and perhaps pick up a bargain in the way of town lots or commercial speculation.

By Wednesday the retreat from Guthrie was at its height. Two persons went home to each one that came in, yet the town seemed to be as lively and as populous as ever. The north-bound boomers asserted that there was nothing in or about Guthrie to support a city; that only a limited number of quarter sections of land on the river-bottom were worth settling upon, and that the upland country was nothing but worthless red sand coated over with a film of green grass. To bear out their assertions, these disgusted men pointed to the city of Guthrie, where the red dust was ankle-deep in the main street. The red dust was an argument that could not be contradicted. It rose in clouds and hovered above the feverish city until the air was like fog at sunrise; it sifted through the provision boxes in the tents, it crept into blankets and clothing, and it stuck like wax to the faces and beards of the unhappy citizens. The heat and the dust and the phenomenal lack of food during the first three days created a burning thirst, which seemingly could not be quenched. This thirst was intensified tenfold by the knowledge that water was scarce, hard to get, and sometimes unfit to drink. The yellow Cimarron and the lukewarm Cottonwood were the only streams where water could be obtained, and on the third day he was very thirsty indeed who would drink from either. Boomers who were not engaged in holding down town lots peddled water in pails to their thirsty neighbors at five and ten cents a cupful. Once, when compelled to moisten my parched throat from one of these pails, I noticed that the water was unusually yellow and thick.

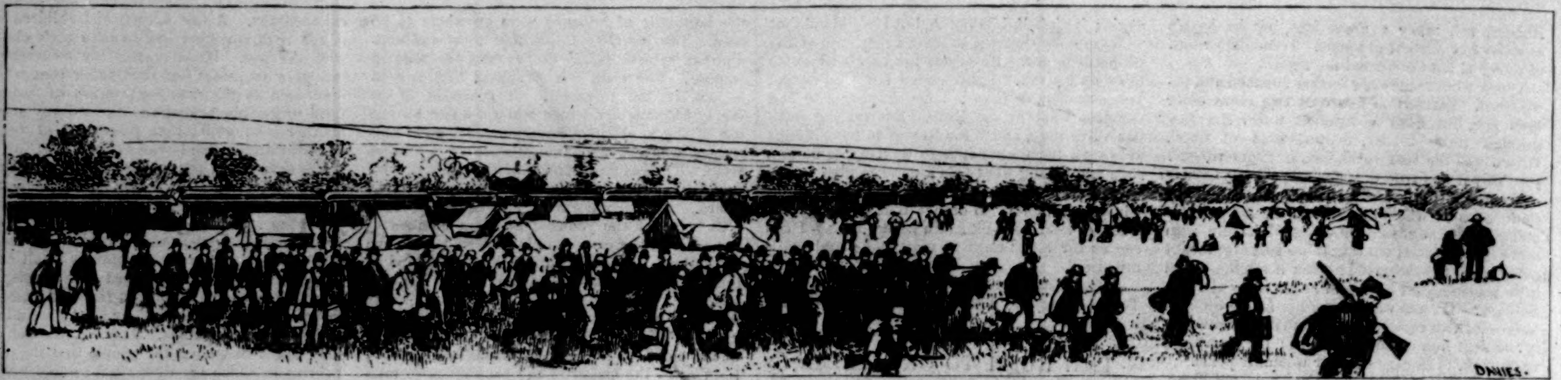
"See here," said I to the Frenchman who held the pail; "you have washed your face in this water."

"No, monsieur," he said, with grotesque earnestness; "I do not wash my face for four days!"

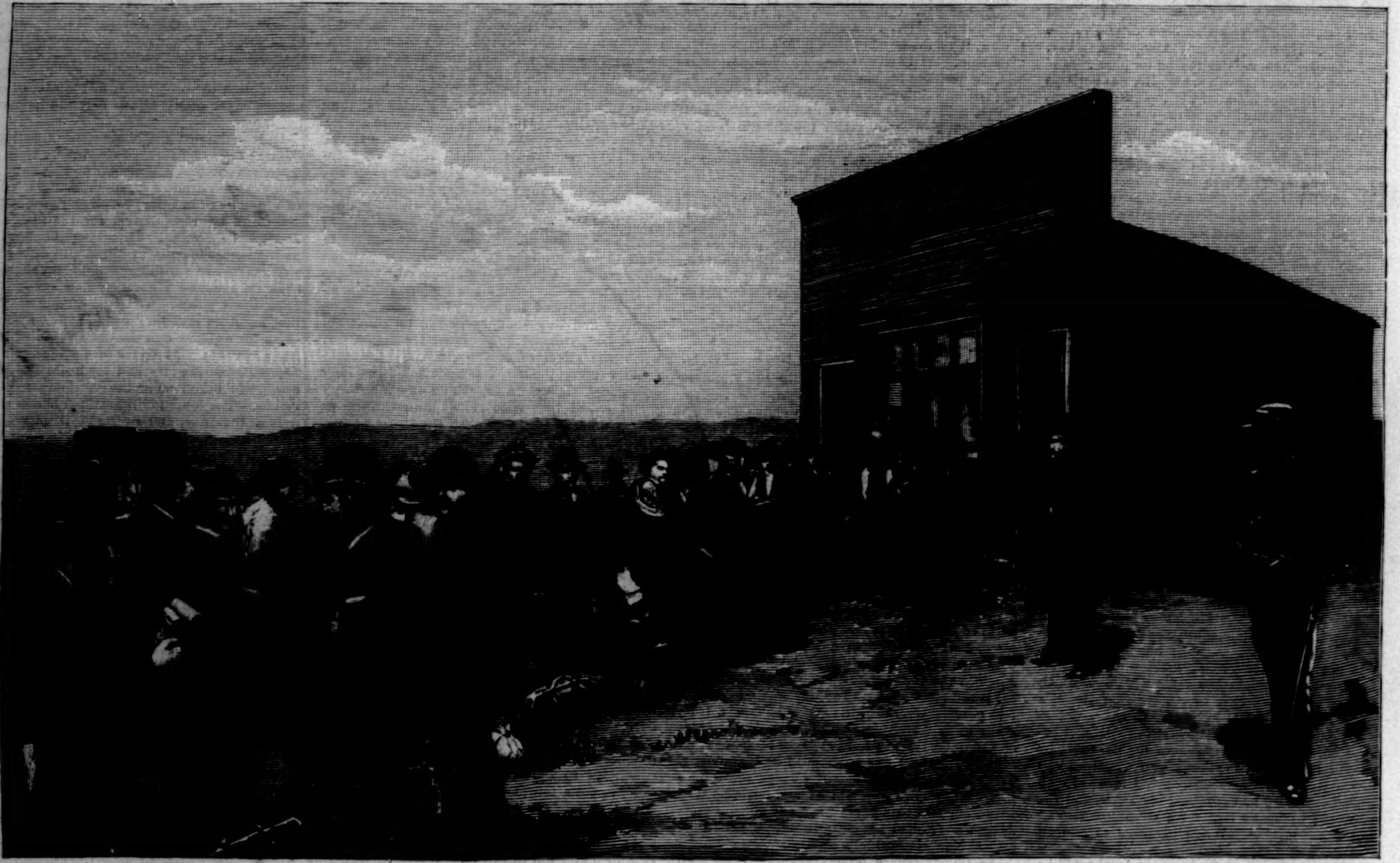
I did not doubt it. His face had become so thickly encrusted with red dust and perspiration that he would not have recognized himself had he chanced to look in a mirror.

In this respect he was no worse off than his neighbors, most of whom had not thought of washing their faces since entering Oklahoma. This was not due to any personal negligence, but entirely to the scarcity of water. When men spent their whole time, night and day, in the work of keeping possession of town lots, they could not be expected to go half a mile or a mile for such a trifling diversion as washing their faces.

During the first three days food was nearly as hard to get as water. Dusty ham sandwiches sold on the streets as high as twenty-five cents each, while in the restaurants a plate of pork and beans was valued at seventy-five cents. Few men were well enough provided with funds to buy themselves a hearty meal. One disgusted home-seeker estimated that if he ate as much as he was accustomed to eat back in Missouri his board would cost him $7.75 per day. Not being able to spend that amount of money every day, he contented himself with such stray sandwiches as were within his means. In this manner he contrived to subsist until Wednesday afternoon, when he was forced to return to civilization in



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT GUTHRIE.

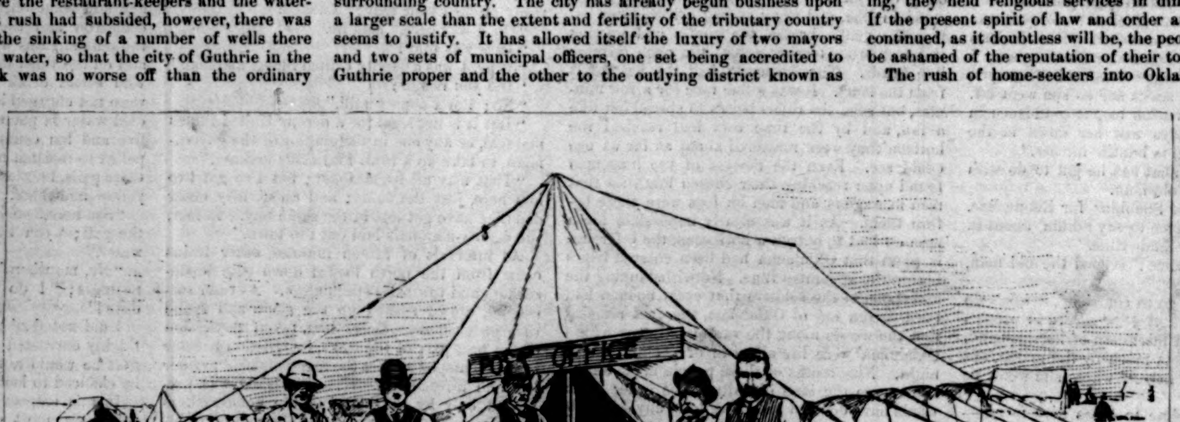


THE HEAD OF THE LINE OUTSIDE OF THE GUTHRIE LAND-OFFICE ON THE OPENING DAY.

southern Kansas in order to keep from starving to death. A newspaper correspondent from Wichita, Kansas, who had never before known the feeling of hunger, was so far gone in the first stages of starvation that upon his return home on Friday he was hardly able to assimilate food. In appearance he was a walking spectre of famine. The only men in Guthrie who made money during the first week were the restaurant-keepers and the water-peddlers. After the first rush had subsided, however, there was no lack of food, and by the sinking of a number of wells there was a plentiful supply of water, so that the city of Guthrie in the matter of food and drink was no worse off than the ordinary frontier town. When the first well was dug, the home-seekers had an excellent opportunity of learning the exact character of the soil. The well-digger went through several feet of red sand after the sod had been cut through, and then found layers of gray and white sand so loose that the spade would sink into it upon very slight downward pressure. Believing that all of the Oklahoma country consisted of this red, gray, and white sand, thousands of home-seekers took the earliest trains back into Kansas, more than ever contented with the fertile soil of the homes that they had left in the first rush to Oklahoma. By the end of the week the crowd of returning home-seekers had lessened, so that Guthrie had what might be called a permanent population with which to begin the serious business of life. Just how long this population will remain, or what size Guthrie will be in another year, is a matter of some uncertainty, for the reason that nothing definite can be decided upon until a thorough test has been made of the farming country round about. Aside from its temporary importance as a land-office centre, the size of Guthrie will be determined, not by the speculative value of town lots, but by the agricultural capacity of the surrounding country. The city has already begun business upon a larger scale than the extent and fertility of the tributary country seems to justify. It has allowed itself the luxury of two mayors and two sets of municipal officers, one set being accredited to Guthrie proper and the other to the outlying district known as East Guthrie. I fancy that when business cools down to a substantial basis it will be found that one set of municipal officers will be enough for both towns.

The first Sunday in Guthrie showed that the new citizens had determined to begin life in the right way. Instead of spending the Sabbath in gambling, drinking, and other riotous ways of living, they held religious services in different parts of the town. If the present spirit of law and order and respectable conduct is continued, as it doubtless will be, the people of Guthrie need never be ashamed of the reputation of their town.

The rush of home-seekers into Oklahoma from the southern border was more picturesque than that from the north, although in numbers it was by no means as great. The intending settlers had been gathered at Purcell, in the Chickasaw Nation, for several months, waiting for the signal to cross the Canadian River and take possession of the coveted land. As the opening day drew near, many of the boomers provided themselves with fleet saddle-horses, and made careful observations of the half-dozen fords leading across the river, their intention being to dash into the river at noon on April 22d, and ride rapidly to their chosen claims. For this purpose the very best of horses were brought into use. Just before noon on the appointed day, hundreds of horsemen gathered at the entrance to the fords waiting for the signal. Lieutenant Adair, of Troop "L," Fifth Cavalry, was stationed on the sands on the oppo-

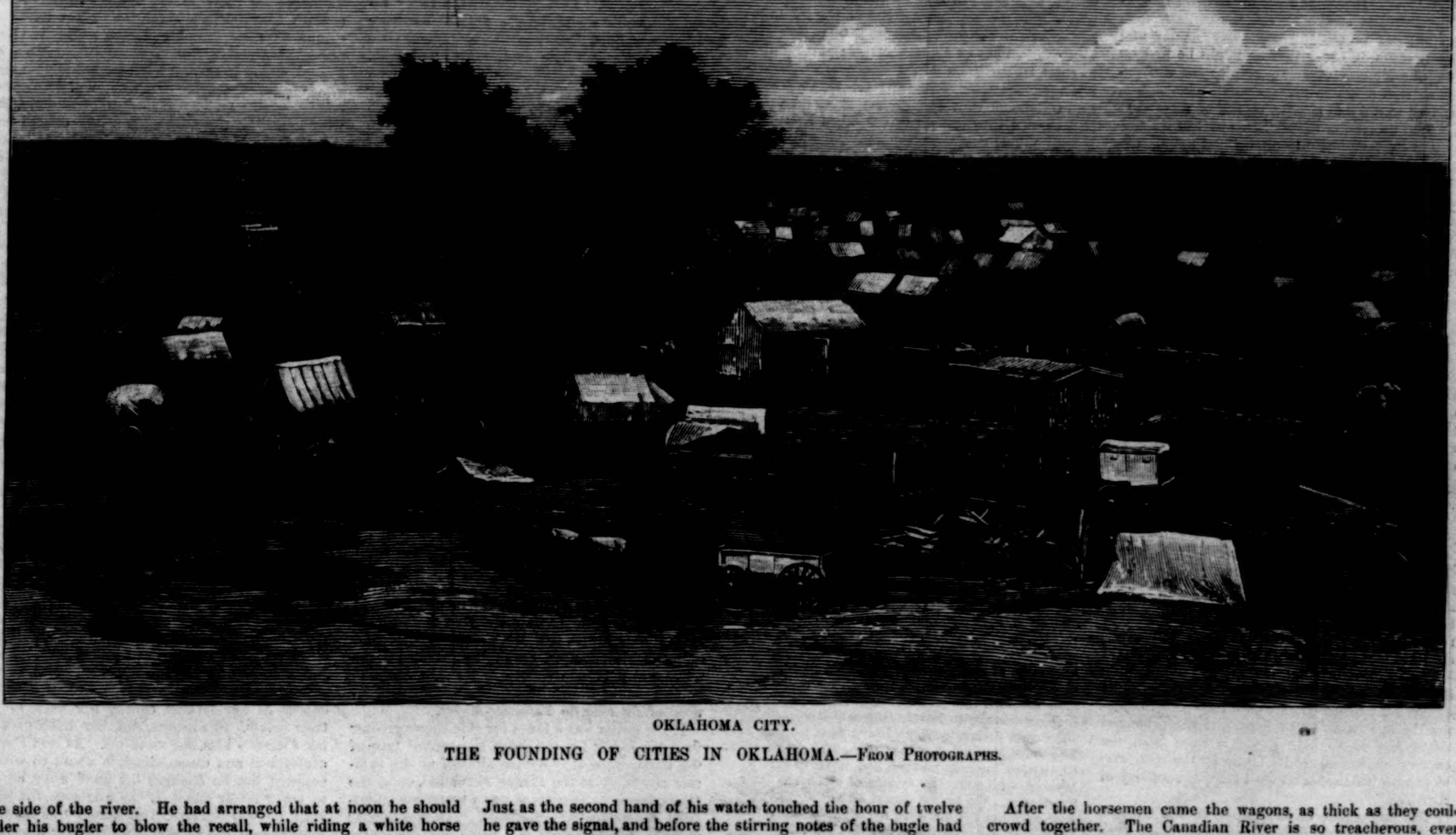


THE GUTHRIE POST-OFFICE.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SETTLEMENT OF OKLAHOMA.—From Photographs.

LAYING OUT TOWN LOTS IN GUTHRIE, TWENTY MINUTES AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN.

THE FIRST BANK OF GUTHRIE.



OKLAHOMA CITY.

THE FOUNDING OF CITIES IN OKLAHOMA.—From Photographs.

site side of the river. He had arranged that at noon he should order his bugler to blow the recall, while riding a white horse around in a circle. By this means those who were too far away to hear the bugle could get the signal from the circling of the white horse. The lieutenant had caused all the boomers' watches to be set by his own, in order that there might be no false start. Just as the second hand of his watch touched the hour of twelve he gave the signal, and before the stirring notes of the bugle had found an echo against the walls of Purcell, the foremost horsemen had dashed into the fords. Spurred on by yelling and wildly excited riders, the horses made a furious dash through the water, throwing sand and spray on all sides like a sudden gust of rain and hail.

After the horsemen came the wagons, as thick as they could crowd together. The Canadian River is so treacherous, even at the fords, that horses and wagons must keep moving or run a great risk of being lost in the quicksands. The fear of the quicksands, added to the desire to reach the chosen lands, made the crossing on that quiet noonday particularly lively and stir-

ring. The leaders ran a gallant race, but one by one they fell into deep holes in the river-bed, and for a time floundered about at imminent risk of drowning. A young woman, who pluckily held her place in the lead half-way across the river, went into a pool with a mighty splash. Even in the midst of his excitement the nearest boomer, who was racing with her, checked his horse and assisted her out to dry land, thus losing his place among the leaders. A big bay horse held the lead three-quarters of the way across the river, each furious jump giving him more and more of a lead over the others. In an unlucky moment he went into a deep pool head-first, and threw his rider half stunned upon the yellow sand. While the rider was gathering himself together in a half-dazed condition, the big horse stood and looked at him a moment, and then started on again. He soon took his place at the head of the race, and kept it there until the whole cavalcade had passed out of sight. Lieutenant Adair, who had watched this episode with quickening pulse, galloped up to the wet and discomfited rider.

"See here," said he, "I haven't much money about me, but if you'll take $250 for that horse, here's your money."

"No, lieutenant," said the man, with a weary smile; "you needn't make an offer, because you haven't got money enough to buy him."

Most of the boomers who crossed the river at Purcell took up quarter sections of land that they had selected many weeks before; a few tried to organize a town on the flats opposite Purcell, while the others went on to Oklahoma City and Guthrie. Hundreds of boomers came into the southern part of Oklahoma from the Pottawatomie Indian country on the east and from the lands of the wild tribes on the west. As these portions of the border are not protected by soldiers, most of the boomers crossed the line long before the appointed time, and hid in the woods until Monday forenoon, when they emerged from their hiding-places and boldly took up their claims.

The best lots in Oklahoma City, like the valuable locations in Guthrie, were seized by the deputy United States marshals. The actual home-seekers were compelled to take what was left. In their haste to secure desirable lots, the town-site settlers failed to pay as much attention to the geometrical lines of the streets as they should have done, with the result that two, and in some cases three, different streets and blocks were laid out on the same ground. During the first week the discomforts of hunger and thirst were wellnigh forgotten in the anxiety of the people to get their town site properly laid out. The excitement was not at any time as great as that at Guthrie, for the reason that the population was not more than two thousand even at its highest point on Monday afternoon. Nearly the same state of affairs existed at Oklahoma City as at Guthrie, with the exception that the red dust was not so deep and water not as scarce. The new citizens, however, seem to have as much faith in the future of their town as their neighbors at Guthrie. This is probably due to the fact that Oklahoma City has the most desirable town site in Oklahoma, and also to the fact that the land round about is considered to be better than the land in the northern part of the district. The comparative wealth of the two parts will not be definitely known until a practical test of the soil is made next year. Good judges of bad land declare that the country tributary to Oklahoma City will raise no better crops than the soil surrounding Guthrie. If this be true, the outlook for Oklahoma City is certainly not brilliant. A man who hid out in the brush all day Sunday and Sunday night, in order that he might be first on his claim Monday morning despite the disfranchising conditions in the opening proclamation, declared to me that after a search of three days he found no land in the southern part of Oklahoma that he would care to file a claim upon. The upland he found to be worthless red sand, and the river-bottoms to be composed of buffalo wallows and a short wiry grass, which indicated to him the presence of land similar to some of the worthless lands of Kansas. He returned to his farm in Kansas without attempting to make a new settlement.

In this part of the country the poverty and wretched condition of some of the older boomers who have been waiting for years for the opening of Oklahoma were painfully apparent. Men with large families settled upon land with less than a dollar in money to keep them from starvation. How they expected to live until they could get a crop from their lands was a mystery which even they could not pretend to explain. Like unreasoning children, they thought that could they but once reach the beautiful green slopes of the promised land, their poverty and trouble would be at an end. They are now awakening to the bitter realization that their real hardships have just begun.

The original boomers who caused Oklahoma to be opened for settlement have much to be responsible for, not the least of which are the tears and cries of hungry children, who look about for bread and see only the red sand shimmering in the heated air. Could the disgusted home-seekers have laid hands upon the late Captain David L. Payne, the original Oklahoma boomer, the blood-thirsty despatches from Oklahoma in some of the daily newspapers would have had foundation in one instance at least. If the projected monument to Captain Payne is ever built, the expense of it will not be borne by the men who went into Oklahoma on the twenty-second day of April.

The settlement of Kingfisher, in the western part of Oklahoma, differed little from the rush to Guthrie and Oklahoma City, except that the town was laid out about fifty-seven miles from the most available railroad. At the time of the opening of Oklahoma the Rock Island Railroad had reached Pond Creek, in the Cherokee outlet, on its way through the Indian Territory and Texas. The Kingfisher people reached their new home from Pond Creek in wagons and stages. They were held at the Oklahoma line until noon on Monday, when they were allowed to go into the promised land as they pleased. When they arrived at Kingfisher they found that the town had already been laid out by a number of men who had ridden in on horseback from the west border of Oklahoma, only a mile and a half distant. As at Guthrie, two town sites were located. The actual town of Kingfisher will not have a permanent location until the Rock Island road has designated the place for its station.

Meanwhile the people are living in tents and in wagons, waiting for the time when they shall build what they expect to be the capital of the new Territory of Oklahoma. They may not get the new territory this year or next year, yet it is safe to say that they will get it some time, for, now that the heart of the Indian country has been opened to settlement, the rest of it must follow as a matter of necessity. Already the Cherokee outlet has been invaded by boomers who failed to find desirable claims in Oklahoma, and although the soldiers in the Indian Territory have been instructed to drive them out, yet it is quite likely that they will remain on their new claims unmolested. With these people as a nucleus, the white population of the Cherokee outlet will grow steadily, and in time it will compel the Indians to sell out their interest in the lands and go elsewhere.

Various small towns have been laid out in different parts of Oklahoma. In these places the speculative idea is of course uppermost, despite the fact that town-site speculation has already been overdone in Guthrie, Oklahoma City, and Kingfisher. It is said that lots in these three towns have been sold for large sums, yet I think that the reports lack confirmation. From personal observation I know that lots in Guthrie have been offered for sale as low as fifty cents each. In one case a disheartened Wisconsin boomer sold two Guthrie lots, a twelve-dollar tent, six dollars' worth of blankets, and a week's provisions for four dollars. In Oklahoma City lots have probably not yet fallen that low in value, for the reason that fewer of them have been staked off, and also because the reaction there was not as great as at Guthrie.

If Oklahoma is to be made a land of farms, it will need plenty of money and earnest determination. Many of the boomers who have not found a lodgement there will be compelled to relinquish their claims and go to older settled parts of the country, where money is more plentiful and where their labor is in demand. It is folly to expect that a man with a wife, six children, and forty cents in money will be able to do anything toward the development of the new region; and yet men of such circumstances came under my observation during a ride near Oklahoma City. In a few months, and perhaps in a few weeks, the relinquishments to very many claims in Oklahoma can be purchased for a purely nominal sum, and in some cases for nothing at all. A crop cannot be raised on the new land this year. The ultimate success of Oklahoma as an agricultural region depends as much upon the rainfall as upon the fertility of the soil; and those who plough the land in hope will have to wait in faith for the rains to come. The development of Oklahoma will in this respect resemble the settlement of Kansas, where it was found that the real settlers were in many instances men with some means, who came to take up the claims of those whom drought and mortgages and hard times had driven to the wall. Hundreds of people who were starved out of Kansas were among the first to enter Oklahoma with the intention of retrieving their scattered fortunes; yet as they went into Oklahoma with no more resources than they had carried into central and western Kansas, it is not unlikely that the ultimate result will be the same. Men who have gone into Oklahoma and obtained quarter sections of land on the fertile parts of the river-bottoms, with the intention of pasturing stock on the sandy uplands, which are adapted for nothing better than grazing, stand a fair chance of keeping the mortgage company from the door, as, from present indications, it is not probable that the uplands will be disturbed for many years to come.

William Willard Howard.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

I.

O lingering, loving touch, soft, come again!
My marble coldness feels the kindly heat.
O come, sweet warmth, and let thy kisses beat
Upon my brow and hands like summer rain!
Strange warmth and joy unknown, and the dim pain
Of earth sweet struggling back to life in spring,
The call the rivers hear when warm winds bring
O'er Ægean blue the summons of the main,
Now come to me, and vague new symphonies,
Sweet as Apollo's song when first the seas
Throbbed to his music, ushering in the sway
Of the new gods. The night gives place to day,
The cold to warmth. I yield to the sweet strife,
And come, Pygmalion, to thee and life.

II.

A glimpse of grace and dewy youth he saw,
Whose rare, chaste beauty, through his sculptor art,
Slow moulded into woman's form, each part
Induing earth with heaven, his only law
His dream divine, until, without a flaw,
The matchless statue stood; then, with sweet strife
Of vaguest longing, yearned and woke to life,
Instinct with soul. So dreams of old could draw
To heaven. We vaguer dream, or not at all,
And dare not lift our eyes to heights serene,
Pygmalion-like, and know not that we fall
With looking down. We fain would pass between
And dare not scale the heights. Alas! how few
Of all our fairest dreams, like his, come true!

Hugh T. Sudduth.

NOTES ON THE PARISIAN THEATRES.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Whenever he chances to revisit Paris a true lover of the theatre has always an undefined and yet distinct feeling as of a return home. It is on the banks of the Seine that he drinks his fill of the drama and quenches his thirst for the histrionic. In these days of doubt and debt the ship on the shield of Paris sails a troubled sea; but whatever the storm of politics or the raging of the trade-winds of party, the undismayed theatre keeps on its course, and conveys its passengers to the isles of the blessed, where the Cid is forever defying Moors and Castilians, and where the light-hearted and light-fingered Mascarille is forever making merry those who love Molière and rejoice in his works. Beyond all question there is good acting outside of France. I have seen Herr Barnay and the Meiningers act *Julius Cæsar*, and I have seen a performance of the *Taming of the Shrew* by Mr. Daly's company of comedians. Nor is it to be denied that there is bad acting in France; I confess that now and again I find a play inadequately performed even in the very house of Molière. But, when all is said, nowhere else is the environment quite as friendly to the development of the dramatic art. Nowhere else, perhaps, is there a show in the streets which suggests that on the stage; to me, at least, the perpetual panorama of the Parisian thoroughfares is continually delightful. There is a flavor, faint if you will, but not to be disputed, of the spectacular about the city as a whole. Some of the "sets" suggest the hand of a dexterous stage-manager, and some of the sights are worthy of a master showman. Even the people who jostle past us on the pavement seem to have a share of the histrionic faculty, as who should say that each was playing a part. Perhaps it is straining an inference to see a touch of the dramatic—or must I call it a hint of the theatrical?—in the wreath of twisted lilac blossoms, redolent of spring, which pious and patriotic hands hung at the feet of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc the day I arrived in Paris.

"Paris is electric," Mr. Brownell has been telling us; "touch it at any point, and you receive an awakening shock." There is no season when the urban battery is more highly charged with vital sparks than the rushing, bustling, crowded fortnight before the running of the race for the Grand Prix. The fresh green of the frequent gardens tells us that it is spring already, but the gayety of winter has scarcely slackened. Though the open-air *cafés chantants* of the Champs Elysées welcome us, yet the theatres have not begun to close their doors. Certain of the successful plays of the year may have run their course and retired for a little space. Last year, for example, I was too late to see *La Souris* at the Théâtre Français, and to behold the sufferings of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as La Tosca at the Porte St.-Martin. That my retarded visit did not allow me to see *Décoré* at the Variétés was a far greater deprivation: from all accounts M. Meilhac's play was the best he has written since he parted company with M. Halévy, whereas M. Pailleron's play was not another "monde où l'on s'ennuie," and M. Sardou's was a rather revolting vehicle for the exhibition of Mme. Bernhardt's specialties, already displayed in *Fédora* and in *Theodora* with far more enticing skill and far less brutality.

But whether the taste of the strayed traveller be for "a comedy, or a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick," he finds in Paris a wide choice of entertainment. Last spring, if his fancy favored the comic opera, he could go to the huge and barbaric Eden Theatre and see Madame Granier and Madame Judic as Clairette and Mlle. Lange in the *Fille de Madame Angot*, of which the music at least is always fresh and lively—far younger, indeed, and more alert than the ladies who are its latest interpreters; or he could go to the Variétés and see a spiritless performance of the *Princesse de Trébizonde*. He might venture as far as the Gaité, where he would find our old friend the *Duke's Motto*, tricked out with tunes as a sort of semi-heroic, semi-comic operetta; or he might betake himself to the Chatelet, where he would behold the amusing panorama which the clever M. Dennery has made out of the clever M. Jules Verne's *Michel Strogoff*. Preferring more dramatic fare, he would seek the Gymnase, where they were acting M. Sardou's *Dora*, an essentially Parisian play, chiefly known to the English-speaking stage in a cockney-jingo perversion called *Diplomacy*; or he would cross the river to the Odéon, where an exotic spectacle might please him, the *Marchande de Sourires*, a genuine Japanese drama honestly transferred to the French stage by Mme. Judith Gautier, interesting rather as a theatrical curiosity than from its dramatic quality. The Japanese theatre appears sadly primitive when we catch its echoes in Paris, although the other-world flavor of the Cathayan play was delightfully brought out by quaint customs and costumes, and by the strange and fan-framed scenery. And the entertainment offered to him this coming summer will be exactly the same in quantity and in quality. At the Vaudeville, for example, will be M. Sardou's *Belle-Manon*, instead of M. Sardou's *Dora*; and at the Variétés Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will be playing in a French version of *As in a Looking-Glass*; while the Gaité offers an elaborate revival of *La Fille du Tambour-Major*.

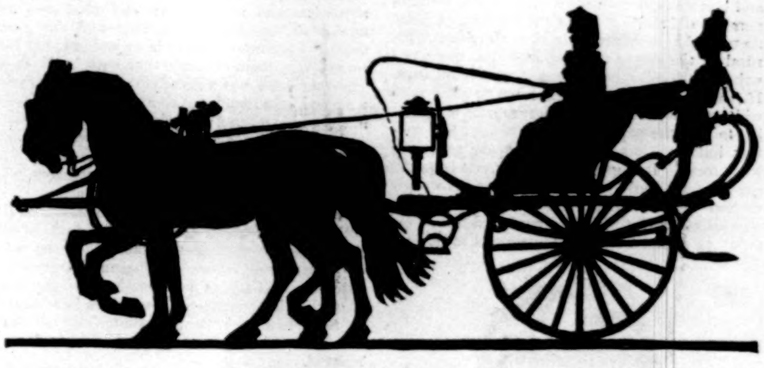
If the visitor has a fancy for side shows greater than his liking for the more substantial fare of the theatres, he may amuse himself at the summer circus, or at the Cirque Fernando, or at the Hippodrome (where there was a gorgeous equestrian spectacle, with Skobeleff, that spectacular Russian, for its hero); and there was the hippo-aquatic New Circus, with a trained deer that jumped gates, and a trained bear that rode horseback, and with a final nautical pantomime, *La Noce de Chocolat*, which was noisier and duller than a pantomime has a right to be. Or he could take a seat at the Nouveautés to marvel at the wonders of M. Buatier de Kolta, the most inventive of modern magicians since Robert Houdin; or he might squeeze himself into the little Théâtre d'Application to study the startling *Ombres Françaises* of the young draughtsman of surpassing skill who calls himself Caran d'Ache, a most extraordinarily ingenious spectacle, a modification of the old shadow pantomime—a shadow show in which little zinc profile figures a few inches high are projected on a screen, and Napoleon's grand army is evoked before you—a vision of wondrous solidity and breadth; or you are made to see in silhouette likewise the many varieties of man and beast to be observed of an afternoon coming back from the Bois de Boulogne, of which some are reproduced on page 395.

If he enjoys a puppetshow—and what true lover of the drama does not revel in *Punch and Judy?*—he might listen to the Pupazzi of M. Lemercier de Neuville one or two nights a week; or he might go in the afternoon to the new Théâtre Amusant, in the garden of the Tuileries, where for two sous (three sous of a Sunday) he will be privileged to witness the pleasantest of puppet plays, in which sometimes as many as six figures are seen on the stage at once, all animated by the human thumb and fingers. If he has a taste for more highly spiced delights, there is an *al fresco* variety show, where the seductive number on the programme is a naturalistic quadrille danced by two young ladies pleasantly known as La Goulue and Grille d'Égout. And if more innocent pleasures are sought, there is a reproduction of the Bastille and of the surrounding streets, more or less as they were a century ago, with the especial attraction of the escape of a prisoner from the infamous fortress every afternoon at four o'clock precisely.

But all these shows and side shows, however fascinating and soul-satisfying, are secondary to the serious business of life as the play-goer in Paris understands it. For him the Comédie Française is the true focus of delight, into which he is drawn at once by an absolutely resistless attraction. As he settles himself in his seat he has high anticipations of enjoyment, and a thrill of ecstasy runs through him when the wooden mallet strikes the premonitory three blows, and the new iron curtain rises majestically heavenward. This new iron curtain—in the eyes of experts a wholly useless luxury—is the outward and visible sign of that making ready against the inevitable conflagration which has been imposed upon every Parisian play-house since the pitiful tragedy of the Opéra Comique. The substitution of the electric light for gas and the opening of additional aisles and exits are other results of that awful warning—results more profitable to the play-goer, as the electric light is not as heating as gas, and as the extra entrances let in a little more air. It must be acknowledged that at the Théâtre Français now and at other well-built theatres of Paris the temperature and the atmosphere are not insupportable, as once they were. A Parisian play-goer no longer takes his life in his hand, like an African explorer.

The Comédie Française, having the guardianship of the reputations of Corneille, Molière, and Racine, has never given in to the detestable habit of long and unbroken "runs." A new play is acted at most four times a week. So it happened that although a new programme was produced on the night of my arrival in Paris, I was enabled also to see two other performances there. *Le Flibustier* of M. Jean Richepin and *Le Baiser* of M. Théodore de Banville are both written in the rhymed Alexandrines which the French have accepted as their dramatic metre. The modern poetic play shows few signs of life outside of France, and even there it has a vague, intermittent vitality; for a season or two it will hibernate, emerging now and again most unexpectedly, but with abundant vigor. The two new plays I had the pleasure of seeing on the same evening were fair specimens of the two tendencies of modern French verse. *Le Baiser* was the pastime of a rhymester, and *Le Flibustier* was the work of a poet. M. Théodore de Banville is a chartered libertine, stretching to the utmost the poetic license of allusion, and bound by no fetters but those of his own rules of rhyme. Here he is a precisian and impeccable. In his little treatise on French versification he has broken the image of Boileau, and declared that rhyme is and must needs be the only basis of verse. In his hands French rhymes are a species of pun, a string of verbal fireworks. It is as though he had taken to heart a desire to prove the truth of Mr. Lowell's saying that "all French poetry is purely artificial, and its high polish is all that keeps out decay." In *Gringoire* M. de Banville showed that he could be a serious dramatist, but *Le Baiser* is an airy nothing; it is the very cheekiest of trifles. A fairy changed into an ugly old hag can recover her rank only if she receive the first kiss of an innocent youth. Pierrot appears—the simple-minded, white-garbed Pierrot of an old French pantomime—and, as she begs, he bestows on her the charity of a kiss. In the twinkling of an eye the old crone is transformed into an adorable fairy, beaming with youth, grace, and beauty. With her Pierrot promptly falls in love, and so warmly does he urge his suit that she hesitates—and a fairy who hesitates is lost. But at this psychologic moment there is heard afar off the chorus of her fellows calling her back to join their revels. She listens, and then, hastily returning Pierrot's kiss, she vanishes. At first Pierrot, abandoned and disconsolate, is about to commit suicide; but he changes his mind when he sees so many lovely ladies in the audience, for whose sake he will survive. Although the fairy has disappeared, the actress is waiting for a recall, so Pierrot tells us; and going to the side, M. Coquelin Cadet, the Pierrot, leads forth the fairy, Mlle. Reichemberg, who makes an appeal for the poet

to the ladies—an *argumentum ad feminam.* How shall a harsh critic break this butterfly on a wheel? *Le Baiser* is the practical joke of a most accomplished rhymester, and it is set off with a glittering chaplet of verbal jests, of pert and pertinent allusions, of wilful anachronisms, and of whimsical incongruities. M. de Banville's play is admirably acted, as it needs should be at the Théâtre Français, and yet—and yet— Well, the very clever M. Coquelin Cadet is nothing if not knowing, and he is perhaps a little too wily, too conscious, too wide-awake, for that idealized greenhorn Pierrot; and Mlle. Reichemberg, with her indisputable youth and her pretty ways and her skill in the delivery of verse, is not quite the fairy of our dreams; at best she is but a very Parisian fairy of the Boulanger period.



Though reserves may be suggested as to the final value of M. de Banville's *Baiser*, and as to the absolute perfection of its performance, no allowance needs to be made for M. Richepin's *Flibustier*. This is a very quiet play for the noisy author of *Les Gueux* and *Les Blasphèmes*, and it would fail to please the Frenchman who told Mrs. Kemble that he liked *Macbeth* because there was so much *remue-ménage* in it. (How may we render *remue-ménage* in English?—*rumpus?*) For once the author of *Les Morts Bizarres* is but a tamed Turanian; and it is a simple, straightforward domestic drama he sets before us in a single scene and with sturdy characters, honest folk all of them. In plot the play suggests Scribe, lacking a little of Scribe's surpassing cunning of craftsmanship. For its defects of construction there are compensations; M. Richepin is as skilful and as well equipped as a poet as was Scribe as a playwright. It is a pleasure at once sensuous and intellectual to hear M. Got and M. Worms and Mme. Barretta—three artists of an incomparable art of delivery—speaking M. Richepin's rich and resonant verse. As the strong and homely lines fall on our ears, bracing and tonic like a sea-breeze, we feel that there is such a thing as French poetry, however sceptical we may have been before in more critical moods. *Le Flibustier* is marine and manly, and there is the salt of sea spray in its rhymes. Its story is simplicity itself. On the Brittany coast there lives an aged sailor, too old to go on cruise himself, but loving the sea more and more, forgiving and forgetting that it has taken away his sons one by one, until now he has with him only a granddaughter. There is a grandson somewhere perhaps—who knows?—dead, it may be. He left them when he was but ten, and he would now be twenty-five, and there has been no news of him for eight years. The cousins had been betrothed, and the granddaughter awaits patiently the return of the bridegroom. Suddenly a young man turns up, a friend of the grandson's, with whom he served among the filibusters, where they fought side by side: if the grandson is not home it is because he is dead. This confidence is made to a daughter-in-law of the old man's, who declares the love of the aged sailor for his only grandson, and his absolute confidence in the future return of the boy. Then the old man comes in with the granddaughter, and by an adroitly contrived scene he jumps to the conclusion that the filibuster before him is his own grandson. From kindliness of heart the newcomer is led to acquiesce in the deception. To masquerade before the old sailor is not congenial to an honest young fellow, however high his motive, but to steal the young girl's love under false colors is quite impossible. And with the granddaughter he has fallen in love at first sight, and she with him. In a beautifully handled and beautifully written scene between the young people, most beautifully acted by M. Worms and Mme. Barretta-Worms, the girl makes up to her betrothed, as she thinks him, seeing that he loves her, and wondering at his constraint, until at last the man can bear no more, and the truth breaks out. Mme. Barretta was exquisitely chaste and adorably ingenuous in this delicate and difficult situation: she was an ideal sailor's sweetheart, gracefully girlish, but with the ripened charm of true womanhood. M. Worms excels always in the power of expressing repressed feeling, and never has a strenuous endeavor at self-control, the internal and inevitable conflict of duty and desire, been set forth with more virility and sobriety. Then, at this critical stage, the sea gives up its dead, and the grandson returns, whereupon the old sailor roughly orders the impostor from the house. He goes at once, comforted only by a word of love from the girl. In the final act all is explained, and after a struggle the real grandson withdraws in favor of his friend, and all is well.

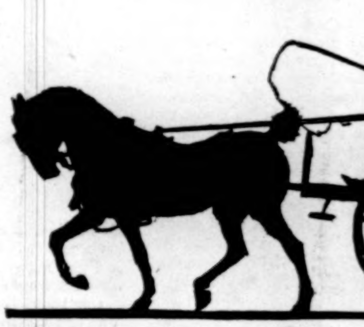
A bald summary like this is a betrayal of the author. A true play by a real dramatist, to be judged as it should be, must be seen on the stage; a perusal in the closet, however alert the sympathy of the reader, is necessarily inadequate, and a mere barren telling of the outline of the story is cruelly unjust to the playwright. *Le Flibustier* can be appreciated to the full only by those who may have the good fortune to see it at the Théâtre Français, where it is acted to perfection. M. Laroche as the real grandson is perchance a trifle stiff, and Mme. Pauline Granger as the daughter-in-law is a trifle dry, but, when all is said, they are not unworthy of their parts. As the old sailor, M. Got is superb; there was little or no trace of the hard abruptness, if one may so term it, which is sometimes a failing of M. Got's; a tenderness, an elevation, a poetic enthusiasm—these were the chief characteristics of his impersonation, which may fairly be called a masterpiece of consummate histrionic art. To my mind it was his freshest and broadest performance since he "created" the elder brother in M. Augier's *Fourchambault* in 1878. There are not wanting those who cry aloud that the Comédie Française is in its decadence. To them this performance of *Le Flibustier* is a sufficient answer. At no time in the history of the Théâtre Français could such a play have been better acted than it is to-day, and no visitor to the Exhibition of 1889 ought to miss it.

Neither of the other programmes that I was able to see at the Théâtre Français was as interesting as this double bill. They were both revivals, and in both Mlle. Bartet played the chief part. One was *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt failed dismally when she first appeared at the Français, and the other was *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has acted successfully in England and America, but not yet in Paris. In both characters Mlle. Bartet proved herself an accomplished actress, better suited as the less poignant Mlle. de Belle-Isle than as Adrienne Lecouvreur, a part admirably contrived by Scribe and M. Legouvé to disguise the great Rachel's progress from tragedy to more modern drama. There is no lack of dignity or of pathos in Mlle. Bartet's performance, but it is in the more modern passages that she is most at home, and her delivery of the fable of the "Two Pigeons" was a caressing delight to the ear. In the tragic catastrophe Mlle. Bartet was touching rather than powerful. More within her range was the ill-used heroine of Dumas's strange comedy, wherein we see a situation risky beyond expression most delicately treated. She was moving and tender as the victim of a plot which could not have been carried to its culmination in any world except that of four dimensions where we may suppose anything and everything to be possible. Despite the peculiarity and improbability of the central situation, the play is tempting to an actress, and it is no wonder that Mrs. Kemble tried vainly to prepare it for an English-speaking stage. The nervous and supple dialogue is perhaps the most easily brilliant in any of the elder Dumas's plays, with never a sign of effort, whatever the strain of the dangerous situation.

(Here, if I may open a parenthesis—and I do not see why the theologian alone should enjoy the privilege of the excursus—I should like to remark that the Duc de Richelieu is, in our Anglo-Saxon eyes, a sorry scoundrel, although the French seem to look on him with lenity if not with liking. There is a curious coincidence, as the phrase is, between the final words of the *Demi-Monde* and of *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, in which we are shown a *monde* quite as disreputable. M. Dumas fils goes out of his way to call that most unpleasant personality, Olivier de Jalin "le plus honnête homme que je connais"—the best fellow I know; so his father before him made his hero join the hands of the wicked duke and of the woman he has sought to ruin, saying, "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle, my wife—M. le Duc de Richelieu, my best friend." Don Juan may have been born in Spain, but he has been naturalized in France, and no Frenchman ever thinks of asking to see his papers.)

The performance of Mlle. Bartet was spoken of first because in both *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur* the part of the heroine predominates; but at the Théâtre Français both plays were "cast to the strength of the company," as a glance at the programme would show. Mlle. Kalb, for instance, played the little part of the waiting-maid in Dumas's comedy, and Mlle. Legault and Mlle. Ludwig appeared in even smaller characters in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. M. Albert Lambert fils was the lover in both plays, and M. Leloir impersonated that pair of noble ninnies the Duc d'Aumont and the Prince de Bouillon. As Mme. de Prié, Mlle. Broisat was not exactly ideal, nor was Mlle. Pierson as the Princesse de Bouillon, which it is intended that Mlle. Brandès shall attempt shortly; but both actresses are artists, and their efforts were wholly honorable. Perhaps as much is to be said for M. Febvre's Duc de Richelieu, which was a worthy performance, and yet altogether unsatisfactory. Quite the best acting in either comedy was M. de Feraudy's Michonnet, admirably rounded and perfectly finished, moving, and truthful. Both plays are to be repeated frequently during the Exhibition summer, and both may be recommended to all lovers of the histrionic art.

Just now the Parisian papers like to talk of the decadence of the Comédie Française. No doubt there is a vague relaxing of discipline and an indefinite inadequacy of stage management. There is no denying that the most of the splendid company of the Théâtre Français when first I took a seat in its orchestra, more than a score of years ago — Bressant, Delaunay, Mme. Plessy, Mme. Favart—are now gone; and gone also are not a few of those who made the glory of the Exhibition year of 1878 —Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mlle. Croizette, Mme. Brohan. *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* Where are the actors of yesteryear? They have passed, and there is no one to take their places, as there was no one to replace Rachel or Samson or Regnier. In fact a great actor is never replaced, however brilliant or various the ability of those who come after him, for no two men are ever precisely the same. At the Théâtre Français there are at present not a few actors and actresses of whom we shall speak a score of years hence as now we speak of Mme. Plessy and M. Delaunay and M. Regnier. M. Got still remains, and M. Thiron and M. Barry and M. Mounet-Sully, the foremost of French tragedians, and M. Worms, one of the most manly, individual, and satisfactory of actors. Mlle. Bartet and Mlle. Reichemberg and Mme. Samary we have with us still, and Mme. Barretta-Worms, for whose frequent appearance during the Exhibition of 1889 the *Revue des Deux Mondes* recently expressed a wish, that strangers might see an ideal French woman. And there are younger performers of the greatest promise, Mlle. Brandès, for instance, and the beginner, Mlle. Ludwig, M. de Feraudy (who is M. Got's pupil), M. Lebargy (who is M. Delaunay's), and M. Berr (who has modelled himself on M. Coquelin).



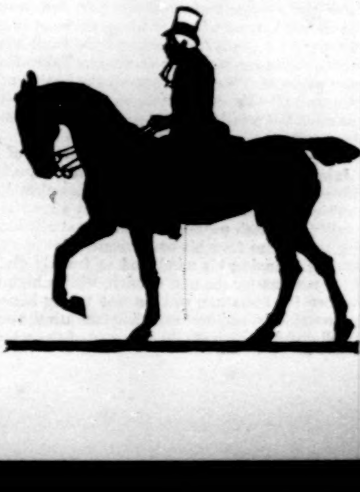
And M. Coquelin himself, is he not to be seen again at the Théâtre Français? The Comédie Française is a commonwealth, with a Lord Protector imposed on it by the state, an office now held by the distinguished novelist M. Jules Clarétie, with whom I had the pleasure of discussing the alleged decline of the theatre. I asked M. Clarétie if M. Coquelin would not return. "Why should he not?" was the cordial answer; "this is the house of Molière, and M. Coquelin is the actor of Molière." A saying like this marks the exact difference between the departure of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and of M. Coquelin. The lady was not in place at the Théâtre Français, for there was an echo of the charlatan about her at all times, a flavor of eccentricity and peculiarity. Now the Théâtre Français is a temple of classic art, where things should be done decently and in order, and it is no place for the freak or the crank. So the house of Molière was really stronger when Mme. Bernhardt left it, and it had escaped a great danger. But M. Coquelin is the finest comedian of our generation; he excels in the characters written by Molière for himself, and he is an artist of dignity and self-respect. All his friends and all friends of the Comédie Française would grieve to see a permanent divorce declared between them. But for the present, at all events, there is a separation; in the middle of May M. Coquelin gives his single farewell performance at the Français, and in September he makes his first appearance at another Parisian theatre, the Porte Saint-Martin, where he will appear in M. Paul Delair's version of the Spanish play known to the American stage by Mr. Howells's adaptation called *Yorick's Love*. Yet, as the villain used to say in melodrama, "a time will come" when M. Coquelin will return triumphant to the Comédie Française.

There is good acting outside of the Comédie Française, and there are good plays also. For example, at the Vaudeville—where they no longer give *vaudevilles*—the *Surprises du Divorce* of MM. Bisson and Mars would make a Vermont deacon laugh out in meeting. The last play Sir Roger de Coverley had been at was the *Committee*, "which I should not have gone to, neither," the worthy knight explained, "had I not been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." Perhaps it would be stretching the truth a little to say that neither the New England deacon nor the Church of England knight would find anything to reprehend in the *Surprises du Divorce*. A note of bad taste is struck more than once, and there are lines here and there which evoke only unworthy laughter. But in the main the play (despite its title) is innocent enough, and in adapting quite easy to render absolutely innocuous. Farce stands to comedy, I take it, in a relation like that borne by melodrama to tragedy, in so far as action predominates over thought, and what is done has a greater importance than what is said or felt—in so far, in a word, as plot is more prominent than character. Although inferior doubtless, farce and melodrama are as legitimate forms of the drama as comedy and tragedy. A good farce is perhaps as great a rarity as a good comedy. There is no need to despair of the French playwrights as long as they are capable of a farce as persistently and unfailingly funny as the *Surprises du Divorce*, a masterpiece of theatrical humor and a marvel of constructive skill. The characters are broadly and effectively sketched, and the dialogue is amusing enough and always adequate, but the quality of the play lies in its construction. Everything is prepared and made plain; there is no hurrying and no hesitation; the second act is a triumph of humorous expectation, and the utmost tribute of laughter is expressed from every situation. It is true that the *Surprises du Divorce* does not touch literature at any point, except possibly in the intensity of the character of Mme. Bonnivard, the iterant and itinerant mother-in-law, a character worn threadbare by hard service in the comic drama, but furbished, until we see not one mother-in-law raised to the nth, but the very quintessential mother-in-law, primeval and eternal.

In general a good play is well performed, and the acting was satisfactory. Mme. Grassot was worthy of the name she bore. Her Mme. Bonnivard was a colossal, almost epic, caricature of the mother-in-law of comic fiction. M. Jolly as the son-in-law, and son-in-law once removed, was a match for her—it is impossible to praise more extravagantly. A frank farce unfailing in its faculty of evoking laughter is a prize to be thankful for, and the authors and actors of *Les Surprises du Divorce* have deserved well of their fellow-men.

During the past winter the plays of the Vaudeville have not been successful, and the *Surprises du Divorce* is to be revived for the benefit of the Exhibition visitors. If the farce at the Vaudeville stands outside of literature, so also does *La Grande Marnière*, the drama which I saw last spring at the Porte St.-Martin, despite a strenuous endeavor to be literary and life-like. I confess to no fondness for the *pièces Ohnites*, as the small wits of the boulevard call them, and the *Grande Marnière* is not likely to convert me. It is the acme of the commonplace, conventional, cut-and-dried; we know every character almost before he opens his mouth, we foresee every situation at the first word of preparation, and we recognize as an old friend almost every phrase of the dialogue.

La Grande Marnière was a dramatization of a novel, and the increasing frequency of the dramatized novel is one of the signs of the times. M. Augier produces no more, M. Dumas writes wholly for the Parisian market, and M. Sardou is working chiefly for the export trade. The young men of great literary expectations, M. Paul Bourget, for example, and M. Guy de Maupassant, find their account rather in prose fiction than on the stage. The novel is at last almost as profitable as the play, and it pays even better than the play



MME. BARRETTA-WORMS.

if it is turned into the play after it has succeeded as the novel. Literary tendencies are like the currents of the air; we can see the clouds moving above us, but we know that the winds are changeable and capricious, blowing by fits and starts, and often two ways at once, and it is not always easy to tell which of the two struggling breezes is the stronger and will bring the final storm. Yet it is scarcely to be disputed that the four or five foremost French novelists of the day are all more or less closely related to the realistic school. Now, for the most part, the novels of the realistic school lend themselves with difficulty to the hand of the theatrical adapter. They are far less fit for stage purposes than were the stories of the old romantic school, and they suffer more in the transfer. I have the highest respect for the strong work of M. Zola, and for the charming subtlety of M. Daudet; the shriek of horror with which British journalists are wont to greet French novels strikes me to be only too often the violent reaction of a guilty enjoyment. But there is no denying that a man may write in his study, and you may read by the fireside, what you do not wish to hear him say aloud on the stage of a crowded theatre. M. Zola, for example, delights in describing the undescribable, and he takes rude pleasure in violating all the decencies of civilized life: rank strength is perhaps his chief characteristic. On the stage he is shaven and shorn perforce, and the result is not wholly satisfactory. I arrived in Paris last spring just too late to see *Germinal*, but I hardly regret it. M. Zola does

MME. JEANNE SAMARY.

not seem to me a born dramatist, and he is hopelessly unwilling to accept or even to understand the conditions of the theatre, the limitations under which the dramatist must work. *Germinal* was the strongest story of the past ten years; there was in it not a little of the magnificent sweep of a great epic; it had the irresistible and inevitable movement of a solemn tragedy. Taken from the pages of a book and put on the boards of a theatre, all this evaporated, and there was left nothing but a rather vulgar panorama of violence and suffering.

I have just been enjoying the two volumes of M. Jules Lemaître's *Impressions du Théâtre*, the fine flower of latter-day criticism. M. Lemaître is a critic with the keenest insight, an easy wit, a gift of raillery, a fresh personality, looking at all things in the theatre from his own private point of view, freely changing his mind, and as frankly giving the reasons for the new opinion, with a high respect for literature, and yet not taking himself too seriously, and ever revealing beneath the most delightful playfulness the firm grip of the scholar who has studied and thought. Nowhere is the passing show of Paris more artfully mirrored or more cleverly commented upon than it is in these impressions of M. Lemaître, though it would be idle to pretend to find in them the constant enjoyment of the theatre, which is perhaps M. Sarcey's most obvious characteristic. Nor has the critic of the *Débats* the extraordinary understanding of the underlying principles of the drama which we see in the critic of the *Temps*. It seems to me indisputable that there has been a definite improvement in the tone and quality of French dramatic criticism since M. Sarcey succeeded Jules Janin as the "prince of critics." M. Lemaître, M. Gustave Larroumet, M. Émile Faguet, M. Léopold Lacour, M. Léon Ganderax, are less flippant and less slovenly than were many of the contemporaries and rivals of Janin and Gautier. I know no more depressing reading than an enforced perusal of the empty volumes in which these two writers have collected the best of their feuilletons. If criticism have any real influence on art—as to which the court is willing to hear argument, agreeing to take the papers and reserve its decision—that influence has been wiser of late and more wholesome. It is greatly to be regretted that M. Sarcey persistently refuses to reprint his weekly reviews of the drama, thus forcing those of us who sit at his feet to keep a cupboard full of old numbers of the *Temps*. (I suppose I must have

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six hundred of them in a chaotic heap.) M. Sarcey's reason is that journalism is not literature, and that he writes in a different way and with a different emphasis in a newspaper and in a book.

One trait in common have M. Lemaître and M. Vitu and M. Sarcey—they spend themselves chiefly on the analysis and discussion of the play, dismissing the acting briefly. This is the habit, I take it, of the best critics at all times. Lessing did thus, and so does Mr. Archer now. It is only when the play is old, well worn, established beyond peradventure, that the tragedian or comedian takes precedence of the dramatist. The play it is which remains in the end, and which is of first consequence. The acting passes with the falling of the curtain, and the actor takes his pay on the spot in applause, in tears, or in laughter; he gets cash on delivery, subject to no discount. The critics of the modern acted drama have need only now and again to add a few words of praise or blame for the performer, and more than one of them is heartily glad of the exemption, feeling always ill at ease as a judge of acting. After more than twenty years of diligent play-going in France, England, and America, I am willing to confess that I know very little about the histrionic art. It is an art of unformulated principles, empiric and illusive; that they evade me, at least, I am painfully aware. Though I follow it as Hamlet followed the Ghost, and it bid me swear, yet I see it not with the eye of knowledge; and I may admit that I read the articles of most dramatic critics with an awakened wonder as to whether or not they know any more than I do.

MLLE. LUDWIG.

OUR ANTHRACITE COAL TRADE.

Every one who studies the value of railroad and industrial securities is now giving careful attention to the anthracite coal trade. The group of securities on the Stock Exchange that are spoken of as the coal stocks is not large, but they represent the most important industry in the country—an industry that, in fact, is the basis of nearly all of the others. For this reason they have always been favorites with investors and speculators as well. Strange as it may seem, the coal trade and the stocks that form an almost infallible barometer of its condition fluctuate quite as widely as any other commodity or security. The consumption of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, is constantly increasing, yet the shrewdest and most experienced producers are unable to forecast their market with any great degree of accuracy. The winter just past has furnished very plain evidence that such is the case. The year 1888 was a great year in the anthracite trade. It was found that comparatively low prices and a stable market had stimulated consumption, especially at the West; hence hopes were aroused of an excellent business this year. This view was shared by some very conservative investors, who did not hesitate to express it and act upon it. But the mildest winter in years demonstrated the futility of all these calculations. And having been thus thrown from the track, while the bears on the coal properties have become disgruntled, since the coal stocks have not declined any more than they have advanced, both sides have renewed the debate as to the immediate future of those stocks with the vigorous spirit of would-be money-makers.

As was noted in this column a week ago, conditions in Wall Street or affecting its markets are never precisely duplicated. A few years ago and a winter like that of 1888–9 would have demoralized the anthracite coal trade. But at that time the Philadelphia and Reading Company, the largest owner of coal lands in the world, we believe, and the largest producer of anthracite in this country, was in a state of chronic bankruptcy, and literally hypothecated its coal as it mined it. The necessities of that then mismanaged and overburdened concern were such that it virtually mined coal that it might borrow money upon it. Fortunately those conditions ceased to exist long ago, and the change to solvency has imparted to the entire industry a stability that it never before possessed. The agreements between the great producers of anthracite are not tangible, as they used to be at one time, still there is no doubt but that a complete understanding exists, and it is sufficient to secure harmonious co-operation all around. Judging from the course of prices, the concerted endeavor of the coal companies is to follow the market, to meet it, not force it in either direction. It is popular with certain people, especially demagogues, to cry out against the so-called coal barons and their monopoly. Their alarm is unwarranted, for there are hundreds of small and independent producers, whose rights of transportation are guaranteed them under the Inter-State Law, who really make the price. They have been busy all during the dull season selling their coal practically for what they could get for it, while the larger miners have lowered prices moderately, have curtailed their output, and allowed stocks to accumulate at the principal markets.

This last development brings us to a new feature of the coal trade, and one that annoys the bears on stocks very much. It has never been the policy of the coal companies to carry any stock in the sense that a merchant or a manufacturer does. Now, however, they are beginning to appreciate the desirability of doing so, both in justice to their customers and to protect themselves in case of a strike or similar check upon the business. Besides, it enables them to meet sudden increases in the demand that frequently occur. This reasoning changes the three-quarters of a million tons now at tide-water from a menace to the market into an additional element of stability. Present indications are that this stock will soon be drawn upon. Jobbers in coal, like any other class of dealers, are liable to overstay their market. The winter's dulness has made all dealers hold back their orders. They have argued, like the scalpers in the stock market, that inactivity must result in lower prices. But such reasoning is frequently fallacious, for although a large stock may accumulate during the dull season, it is needed in the active season to help out the production when the supply is not equal to the demand.

The believers in the coal stocks at current quotations have in their favor statistics that show an average increase in the consumption of anthracite of five per cent. per annum. Thus far this year the consumption has been about a million tons less than for the corresponding period of last year, or a falling off for the year of about two and a half per cent. It is claimed by competent judges that this will be made up soon after the usual summer demand begins. Two sections are confidently counted upon to increase their use of anthracite—the West and Canada. The development of the Western market for Pennsylvania coal, due chiefly to low prices and cheap transportation, has been one of the phenomena of the trade. As to the Canadian demand, it may be noted that the customs returns of the Dominion show that the receipts of anthracite from the United States have increased from less than three-quarters of a million tons in 1883 to more than two million tons in 1888. The details of the trade are accessible to every one, and an impartial study of them will, we think, lead to the conclusion that the development of the anthracite coal industry cannot, in this rapidly developing country, be permanently checked, nor indeed can the production of any article of prime necessity.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, May* 11, 1889.

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A Senator's wife, who is said to serve the best chocolate in Washington, gave the following receipt to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three quarters of a cake of Baker's chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.—[*Adv.*]

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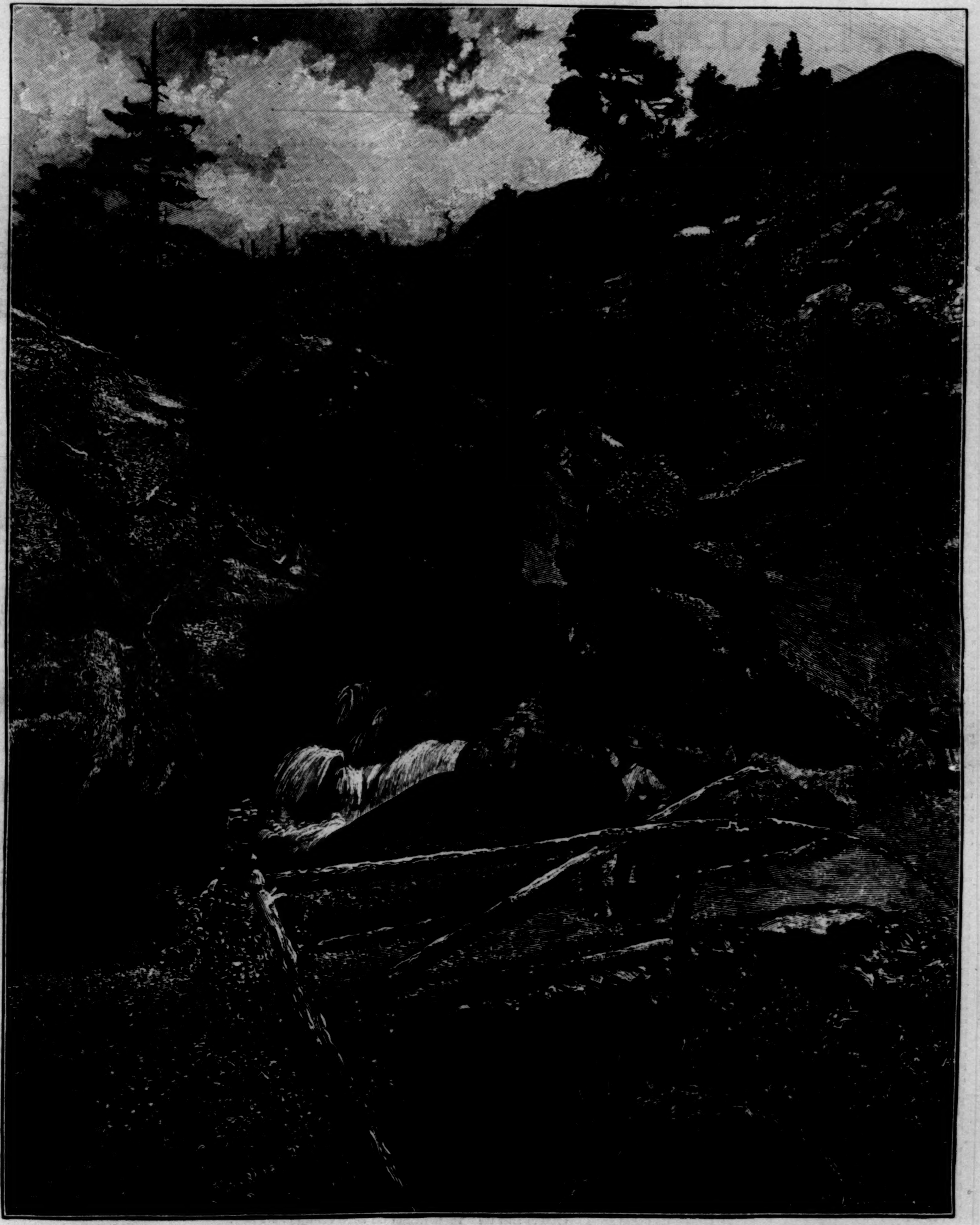


SHELTERED FALLS, PIKE'S PEAK TRAIL.—From a Photograph by W. H. Jackson & Co., Denver.

A BIT OF PIKE'S PEAK SCENERY.

The west-bound traveller's first glimpse of Pike's Peak is something that he never forgets. Early in the morning he is told that the train has entered Colorado. If he is on one of the big trains that the Santa Fe and the Missouri Pacific roads send across the plains he is advised to open a window on the right-hand side of the car and watch the sky line. He watches carefully for an hour, and wonders where the mountains can be. After another hour has gone by he becomes tired and careless, and neglects to keep his eyes upon the horizon line. He is startled out of a half-doze by hearing a local traveller say, in a casual manner, "There's a right smart of snow on Pike's this morning."

The traveller sees nothing but the white-hot sky and the monotonous roll of gray plain. Then, as his eye moves northward, he catches his breath hard and stops. Away off there in the north-western sky is a great blue pyramid, with a glitter of white at its top. That is Pike's Peak. It seems to stand alone on a blistering expanse of gray and brown sand. Presently other patches of white come into sight here and there along the horizon, and after a time there is a vast bank of blue reaching north and south as far as the eye can see. Involuntarily the traveller exclaims, "There are the Rocky Mountains!" It is this sudden vision of blue and white over against the fervent Colorado sky that the traveller will remember long after other views have been forgotten.

This is one reason why Pike's Peak is the best-known individual mountain in the entire Rocky Mountain range. It is by no means the highest or most impressive peak in Colorado, yet its natural position, together with various circumstances attending the settlement of the region, has made it almost the only mountain that untravelled Eastern people know by name. Many persons are familiar with Pike's Peak as a name who could not tell whether the mountain is in Colorado or Oregon. Pike's Peak became generally known in 1859, when the Pike's Peak gold craze agitated the country. Gold in limited quantities was found on the slopes of the mountain and in the foot-hills round about, and straightway the plains of Kansas and Nebraska were populated with men moving westward to seek their fortunes. The white canvas covers of many of the wagons bore in rude black letters the homely but earnest motto, "Pike's Peak or Bust." To scores of hopeful men the first part of the legend was never realized, but the other part was. There are no Indians in Kansas now, but they went swarming over the plains in those days, butchering every immigrant who was not able to withstand a running fight. All along the old Santa Fe trail the visitor may even now find handfuls of battered rifle bullets and bits of human bones. To those intrepid gold-seekers, as harassed by the Indians, weary, hungry, foot-sore, and thirsty, they toiled on across the inhospitable plain, the first glimpse of the great blue pyramid in the northwestern sky was something that never could be forgotten.

The gold excitement died away after a while, and left Pike's Peak to almost its original state of solitude. Twenty years later people began to go to the cañon of the Fontaine qui Bouille, at the base of Pike's Peak, to drink of the medicinal springs that bubble up from the earth. After a time these visitors became so numerous that the little town of Manitou grew up about the springs. Then a good safe trail was marked out from the cañon to the top of Pike's Peak, and soon hundreds of people travelled it every summer for the sake of the view that might be obtained from the lofty summit. Other trails were built up and down and around the neighboring mountains, so that now the invalid can spend his entire summer in roaming about in a carriage or on the back of a horse.

THE GREAT HOUSE OF MONTEZUMA.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON.

A WIDE reach of gray-hued table-land stretching far and near. Above, a cloudless sky, so blue, so clear, so deep, that all memories of travel and poesy are evoked. Storied Italy, Palestine, and the vast Sahara, with all their mystic memories, come in fleeting pictures to the reminiscent brain. Blue above and gray below, until here and there the embracing eyes touch on the far horizon lines—east and west, north and south—the saw-toothed summits of distant ranges, the bold jagged crests of lonely peaks, or the rugged saddle-back of a solitary "pichacho," which all seem to rise suddenly, as it were, from the surface of the great gray table-land. Then the blue and the gray, the blue above in arching unity and the gray below telling of erosion and decay, blend into the brown and purple hues of the mountain-sides — shadows, folds, and deep-mouthed gorges. Everything below is gray. The plain is, as it were, powdered with a light detritus which is not sand or gravel. Its only shadow or shade of coloring is an occasional stretch of blackened stones, the dark spume raised from some volcanic cone. The scant vegetation is gray also. Even the soft sprays of the arrow-weed and the deeper touch of the prickly foliage of the mesquite-trees, few and far between that they are, melt readily into the one prevailing earth tone. The cacti—weird hobgoblins of the vegetable world—are numerous, and they too fit with all around.

In the midst of the grayness, so wide, so far, so light, arched over by the deep vault of undimmed blue, through which the golden sunlight glows and burns in undraped power and majesty, there stands something grayer even than the plains, more striking and startling in its solitude, its utter aloneness, than the vast and silent landscape itself. A great gray ruin in the midst of a desert! A huge parallelogram open to the sky and with smooth sides, cracked here and there, while the top of the walls is jagged and broken. It is not possessed of architectural power or beauty. In form and aspect it is grim, sombre, plain almost to grotesqueness, certainly to a simplicity which is homeliness itself in character. Yet it affects the imagination deeply. It bears in its mystery an air of solemnity, even grandeur. Its extent, its height, its solidity, are still such as to prove beyond cavil that it must indeed have been the Casa Grande—the Great House—of a community great in numbers, vigorous in activities and industry, and vivid with life and its million-hued associations. It still stands, the only evidence of all this. It gives no voice. It offers no sign except itself. What that self is I propose to tell, so far as it can now be seen and known. What it represents, has been, stood for, I can only surmise, and by analytical conjecture endeavor to indicate.

"The Great House of Montezuma," of which I am writing, stands in the northeast corner of the southwest section of Arizona.

Truly an arid-zona, but I should prefer the old and softer Spanish-Mexican term, Arizuma, as more nearly expressing the character of the region. The Papogueria, as the area south of the Gila and west of the ranges that form the mountainous hem on that side of the Santa Cruz Valley is called, is a table-land which, now arid and desert-like, must once have afforded the means of subsistence for very great communities. I do not propose to enter in this paper upon the geology or hydrology of the region. The fact remains that it was once the home of a prosperous people, with a considerable degree at least of a strong if simple civilization. The ruins of my Casa Grande are the undeniable proof thereof. Speaking precisely, these ruins stand six miles south of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and about the same distance west by south of the town of Florence, almost at the intersection of the 33d parallel of north latitude, with 111° 30′ of west longitude.

For miles immediately around the Casa Grande the surface of the *mesa*, or table-land, is covered by a light gray powdery soil, evidently the débris of the many buildings which once formed the great town of which the Casa Grande was probably the fortress. Of course that use or designation is purely conjectural, but from the fact that the walls are of great thickness, that there are still standing interior walls almost as thick as the exterior ones, that the openings are few and could even now be made defensible against ordinary weapons, that there is evidence to be seen of fire within, and more than these, that other remains adjacent to the Casa Grande, seen no later ago than 1848 and 1851 by United States military explorers, a part of which I also saw on my first visit, have now entirely crumbled away, while the walls of the great building itself still stand in a remarkable degree of preservation—these things all point to the reasonableness of the suggestion that the Casa Grande was the castle or fortified town-house of a prehistoric community. As can be seen by the illustrations, the interior wall is very thick and distinctive. There are no evidences of floors in this inside chamber, well, or tower; the outer rooms are built around it, and have some small portions of their floors remaining. Charred and broken ends of small timbers or sticks, generally from four to six inches across, are to be seen in the walls. The floor within is simply a rugged surface of crumbled concrete. There are a few windows or openings in the outer walls—so few that one might consider them as places to fight from as much as means of light. Near to the ground the outer walls are nearly seven feet thick; or, to be accurate, six feet nine inches. Above, they are six feet through, and on the top, they are still from three to five feet thick, according to the effects of erosion. Some bushes grow inside. The inner walls are four feet thick. The whole inside surface is covered by a smooth glaze, like an opaque varnish. Near the ground this is scratched over by many names. I saw those of Emory, Johnston, Longstreet, Ross Browne, Poston, and others known to fame. What that glaze is made of no one knows. It is believed to have been distilled from the cactus, as a black varnish or pitch has been so obtained in our own day. The huge walls of this strange building are of a species of concrete or *cojon*. They are not adobe or sun-bricks, but are evidently made of small coarse gravel and a gray clay or earth, mingled with some tenacious compound of the quality of mortar or cement. The wall below is very hard. It was only from above that I succeeded with any ease in obtaining some small pieces. The measurements I quote hereafter from Father Font are accurate to-day so far as the walls and their dimensions are concerned. The height of the highest portion is about fifty feet; of the lowest, about thirty. I am satisfied that there must be below the present level at least one story, and possibly more, for the loose concrete soil has drifted into little hillocks all about the present base of the walls.

It is also evident that the plain for miles has been the seat of a great community life. There are lines of acequias, or irrigating ditches, still traceable, and for a distance of at least fourteen miles one great or main ditch can be followed down to the Gila. It can even now be seen at places to have been as large as the padres Kino and Mange declared it to be at the close of the seventeenth century. The surveying both of this great waterway and of those on the upper plain of La Tempe must have been done by the water-level, as was the case with the ancient irrigation canals of India and Egypt.

Now as to the origin of these ruins it is difficult to give a working theory. Of course nearly every one will start with the idea that they are in character like the present pueblos of the Rio Grande Valley, or the more extensive and striking ruins of the Rio Chelleg region and elsewhere on the plateau edges of northwest New Mexico and southern Colorado. I have a different idea, however. There are at least two things in archæology upon which to predicate community affinities. These are language and building construction. We have nothing of the former to guide us; in the latter we have something. The adobe-built pueblos that are still inhabited and the great stone or cliff wrought ruins of the Rio Chelleg or Manco regions are evidently not the product of the same race, or of races affected by a common germ and control. Each of the cañon and cliff towns and ruins forms a series so intimately connected as to be, for practical purposes, but one. The arrangement was unquestionably and largely one of defence. It seems to me one also of character. But at any rate it is a type or mark. The pueblos of New Mexico and the Moqui plateau are essentially tribal residences. The casas grandes, as seen in the one I am describing in the ruins known as the Casa Grande of Chihuahua, and in other evidences as described by all explorers and investigators from Father Kino down, seem to express a different germ. The people who constructed them were town-builders and house-dwellers. The pueblos are only tents, covers, made of adobes, it is true, and congregated for resistance to savage nomads. They are the work of imitators—village-dwellers taught by another and forgotten stock, unless the Zuñis are a survival. The casas grandes ruins show that those who built them must have been accustomed also to a large degree of separateness of living.

The Casa Grande of Arizona, the many evidences of dwellings and considerable structures which still exist in the upper Gila Valley, according to Frederic Remington, the artist, and which were seen also by the earlier army and other explorers engaged in readjusting the boundary lines between the United States and Mexico after the Mexican war of 1846 and 1847, with many other facts, point to a different life from that which the pueblos present—one which seems to have been uprooted and driven back, until in the conflict with savage nature and more savage nomads it has perished entirely from the face of the earth, leaving only the remarkable ruins which prove it once existed, but give little or no further hint of the manner of its existence.

A few miles to the west of the Casa Grande is located the principal village of the Pima Indians. They are to-day on precisely the same ground that their ancestors lived upon when they saw the Great House made roofless and the people it belonged to driven away. In 1694, at the time of Father Kino's first visit, they told him that the "Great House of Montezuma" was in ruins "five old men's lives before." That would be five hundred years. They declared to him that it was once seven stories high, which must have been nearly twice its present height, for there are evidences of four stories in the walls as they now stand, or as they did five years since—the date of my last visit. Just beyond the Pima village and fields—cultivated that we know of by the aid of irrigation for the last five hundred years—are the Maricopa Wells. Overlooking the broad *cienaga* or grassy plain in which the place and wells are located there rises a range of mountains the termination of which, by one of nature's singular freaks, plainly presents in huge relief outlines that resemble most distinctly the recumbent figure of a man. This is Montezuma, the fabled hero of all this region and south of it to the Tierres Calientes. He waits a certain sound or act to become life once more. In the mean time we will interest ourselves in the Pima tradition of the founder of the Casa Grande: "It was built by the son of the most beautiful woman, who once dwelt in yonder mountain. She was fair, and all the handsome men came to court her, but in vain. When they came they paid tribute, and out of this small store she fed all the people in times of famine, and it did not diminish. At last, as she lay asleep, a drop of rain fell upon her navel, and she became pregnant, and brought forth a boy, who was the builder of all these houses."

Father Kino was a Jesuit missionary who visited the Casa Grande first in 1694, and again three years later, accompanied on the latter visit by Father Mange, who has left the following description, in part, of what they then saw:

"One of them is a large edifice, the principal room in the centre being four stories high, and those adjoining it on its four sides three stories, with walls three varas [two yards] of strong *argamasa y barro* [mortar and earth or clay], so smooth on the inside that they resemble planed boards, and so polished that they shine like Pueblo pottery. The corners of the windows, made square, are very straight and without supports or cross-pieces of wood. They look as if made with a mould. The doors are the same, though narrow. By this," says Mange, "it is known to be the work of Indians. The exterior is thirty-six paces long by twenty-one wide. It is well built. At the distance of an arquebuse-shot are seen twelve other buildings, half fallen, also with thick walls, and all the roofs burned out except one low room, which has round beams apparently of cedar" (probably tamarack), "small and smooth, and over them reeds of equal size." (In all probability these were the pulpy interior sticks of the saqura or giant cactus, which is still used for roofs, fences, and the sides of jacals or huts.) "On these was laid a layer of hard mud and mortar, forming a very curious roof or floor. In the vicinity," continues Mange, "are seen many other ruins and heaps of rubbish covering the ground for two leagues, with much broken pottery, plates, and jars" (ollas) "of fine clay painted in various colors; it resembled the Guadalajara ware." There is "a canal which runs from the river over the plain, encircling the settlement, which is in the centre, and is three leagues in circumference." The "canal is ten varas wide and four deep, carrying perhaps half the river. It thus served as a defensive ditch, as well as to supply water for the houses and to irrigate surrounding fields." This account of Mange is found in the first volume of the fourth series of the *Historical Documents of Mexico*, pp. 282–3.

Siedelman, another Jesuit priest, who was at the Casa Grande in 1740, wrote an account of his visit. It has been referred to and quoted by Humboldt, but never published in full. Schoolcraft and Bartlett both publish Mange's narrative. Father Font, another Jesuit, wrote a minute account, in which he asserts that the devil led the Aztecs to the spot under consideration from Anahuc, that is, the valley of Mexico and contiguous territory. After this peculiar priestly way of accounting for an archæological surprise, Padre Font says: "The site on which this house is built is flat on all sides, and about one league from the Gila. The ruins of the houses extend for more than a league to the cardinal points....Round about there are ruins indicating a fence or wall which surrounded the house and other buildings, particularly in the corners, where it appears there had been some edifice like a castle or watch-tower, for in the angle which faces toward the southwest there stands a ruin with its divisions and an upper story. The exterior place [plaza] extends north and south 420 feet; east and west, 260 feet. The interior of the house consists of five halls, the three middle ones being of one size, and the two extreme ones longer. The three are 26 by 10 feet, and the others 38 by 12. All are 11 feet high. The outer doors were four by ten, the inner ones, half that. The outer walls were six, and the inner, four feet thick. The house is 70 by 50 feet, the walls sloping slightly on the outside." Father Font discovered both pine and mesquite timber. There is not a particle of either now to be found in or about the Great House. Before its "eastern door," says the padre, "separate from the house there is [was] another building, 26 by 18 feet, not counting the thickness of the walls." The missionary said it was of three stories. In this he under-estimates. The ruins still rise high enough to have four stories, and according to Captain A. R. Johnston (First United States dragoons), of the Kearny New Mexico and California expedition of 1846, it must have been, forty years since, considerably higher than now. Captain Johnston's drawing of it (a copy of which is given in this paper) shows the interior walls to have then (1846) been at least ten feet higher than any portion of the exterior. Mr. Bartlett, of the Boundary Commission, rivalled Padre Font in the details he gave. Captain Johnston was short but clear. Ross Browne was, in 1863, the next writer who described it from personal knowledge. The ground-plan of the Casa is herewith given. It is taken from actual observations. Hubert Bancroft, in volume three of his *Native Races of the Pacific States*, pp. 628–9, speaks of the buildings having "upright walls" as "three in number." At no time during the preparation of his work was there more than one building—the one I am describing now. In 1858 there were two or three wall fragments. Ross Browne speaks of these; but they soon after toppled over and crumbled away. For the past twenty-five years the Casa Grande has stood solitary and alone, as in the accompanying view.

Captain Johnston described what I have not been able to find any trace of, nor have I been able to learn of any one else doing so. This was a circular embankment, 300 feet in circumference, at a distance of 600 feet northwest of the Casa Grande. At this date there is at that point an irregular-shaped mound of the usual grayish earth material. Kino and Bartlett considered this to have been the enclosure of a corral; Johnston thought it to have been the wall of a great well or reservoir. But Johnston's especial find (1846) cannot now be found. None of the missionary explorers mention it either. That was a terrace but a few yards to the north of the supposed well or corral. According to the captain it measured 300 by 200 feet, and was five feet high. On it in the centre was a pyramid eight feet in height, and with a summit platform of 75 feet square. Captain Johnston, who was killed soon after at San Pasqual, California, bore a high reputation, but no one else has ever seen outside of Central America and Central Mexico any remains of that character.

At present, beyond the rapidly crumbling walls of the House of Montezuma, there is nothing to be seen on the wide plain round about the Great House but some slight swells or mounds of gray earth and the plain itself, powdered, as it were, with the same gray earth, mixed in which may be occasionally found small bits of glazed pottery, and once in a while an arrow or lance head of stone. I have one of obsidian. This wide stretch, with a few mesquite-trees, thinly scattered clumps of arrow-weed, and an occasional cactus, is all we can see and know besides the actual presence of the great structure itself.

Fathers Kino and Mange tell in their account of a ruined edifice north of the Gila River, a few miles away. Captain Johnston found near the Pima village, to the west some eight miles, a circular enclosure and a mound, as he puts it, 90 by 100 feet, six feet in height, having a low terrace on its eastern side of 60 by 300 feet in width and length. It was believed to be the remains of a crumbled building. Siedelman found crumbled buildings or mounds all the way from the Gila to the Salado or Salt River. Major Emory reported the story of a guide who described a three-story casa, without floors or roof, but otherwise very perfect. This was near Phœnix, in the Salt River Valley. Nothing of the sort has been seen since 1865, when settlements were first made. The plain of La Tempe looked in 1863 just as it did in 1877, when the rough sketch presented was made. The mountains to the east are known as the Superstition Range. Evidences of water tanks and reservoirs have been found there. The mounds now being uncovered at La Tempe by the Hemingray exploring party will without doubt throw considerable light on all these matters herein discussed. The results have so far been kept from the public, and I shall not undertake to speculate on them in advance.

As the bird flies it is about fifty miles north by west to that portion of the secondary table-land that rises from the Salt River Valley and flows southward to the Gila, on which are located the mounds that the exploring party have been working at. No one riding over that desolate *mesa* on horseback and by stage, as I have done, would without previous information ever imagine it to have been the seat of thriving human life. Yet the evidence thereof is cumulative. All of the Spanish missionary explorers describe the ruins and mounds they saw or tell the stories gathered from the Indians. Before them were the Spanish conquistadores, like Coronado and others, who searched so vigorously and bloodily too for the seven cities of Cibola—the buffalo. The very name given by tradition indicates a physical condition very different from anything now existing. It is many generations since a buffalo could have found sustenance upon the grama-grassed *mesa*, though but sparsely even of that coarse but succulent herbage. The want of water would have long since made the "Cibola," like the cities reputed to have been named after his shaggy bovineness, something less even than a myth. Be that as it may, the plain of La Tempe, in its northern portion presents striking proofs of having formerly been thickly inhabited. The view, given roughly but truly, represents its appearance a few years since. The mountains seen to the east, some thirty miles distant, are known as the Superstition Range. Probably they were so called because of the feeling aroused by the evidences of ancient life, as well as from the fact that they were dreaded as one of the haunts of the terrible Apaches. The Tontos made of this

range one of their favorite hiding-places. A tradition prevailed among the miners that prospectors never returned from the Sierras Superstition. By this date that story has been fully exploded. Rumors of ancient tanks having been found among its foot-hills and even at high altitude, some of them of extensive capacity, seem to be well authenticated. On the plain below, however, within an area of some twenty square miles or less, there are still to be seen six well-defined and quite extensive mounds, the largest of which appears in the foreground of the illustration given. They have the same dun gray coloring of the Casa Grande and the débris round about it. I presume the Hemingray expedition have been at work on this large mound. Father Siedelman, a German Jesuit who crossed La Tempe and penetrated the Colorado plateau, and visiting the Moquis pueblos, if not reaching the California missions also, has described a Great House as existing at this point. Whether he wrote from hearsay or described what he saw is a little hazy, but it is probable that he did see the remains of a building quite similar to the Casa Grande that still stands fifty miles to the southward. The evidences of industrial life are abundant. The Mormon farmers near Hayden, of whom there are two small colonies, are reported to have found and recreated for their own use ancient acequias or main irrigating ditches, by which water is taken from the Salt River, and their portions of the secondary plain are transformed once more into fertile gardens and orchards. These acequias extend for at least twenty miles from Salt River; some are large enough to float a barge, and all are so laid out as to serve land at heights higher than is now common in our irrigation works. The attention now being turned to these mounds and their meaning, we shall not be long in finding the extent of the life they represent.

The valleys of the Upper Gila, the San Pedro, the Salt, the Verde, and the Colorado Chiquito rivers, with their tributaries, cutting into the southern face of the Colorado Plateau, are marked all over with these evidences of ancient activity. The Tonto Basin, and that of the White Mountains, now forming the San Carlos Apache Reservation, give ample proofs of former inhabitants. Nothing but foundation-stones, or posts, have been found, and they, it is apparent, must have been those of walls or structures used for defensive enclosures, or buildings of considerable size. There always seem to have been small dwellings around or near these larger ones or enclosures, as the illustrations show. Some of these may well have been designed as fortifications. Certainly the ground-plans force that conclusion upon observers who have had any soldierly training whatever. But these are still in what may be termed the open country, relatively speaking. Following north and northeastward the traces of these ancient people, by the dwellings they have left, and a change in character and conditions becomes at once apparent. The dwellings begin to assume the type of cliff-houses, found so extensively in the Rio San Juan, La Plata, and Manco, in southwest Colorado. Ruins of rude watch-towers are found on the rocky "coigns of vantage," especially where narrow valleys still afforded space for dwellings and cultivated fields. One is forced to the sad conclusion that the once prosperous and industrious town-dwellers, who have left their autographs in the Casa Grande and the La Tempe mounds, were being driven back, in a mighty conflict with both increasing aridity and a fiercer savagery, further and further into the more inhospitable but sheltering wilds of the vast plateau.

The ruins found in this region usually fall into one of several groups: (*a*) the casas grandes; (*b*) mounds like those of La Tempe; (*c*) fortifications such as the watch-towers of the Rio Verde; (*d*) enclosures like those the ground-plans of which are seen in the diagrams herein presented; and (*e*) cliff-dwellings, such as the Colorado Chiquito ruins; finally, the excavations such as those known as the "Montezuma Wells," found just beyond the Tonto Basin. As to other evidences of life, there are abundant shreds of pottery, but no whole vessels. They all have the geometric figuring of the so-called Aztec life and works, but which are also found in the remains of Toltec, Maya, Nahault, and Inca civilizations, while still to be seen in the woven and pottery bowls of Navajo, Rima, Moqui, and Zuñi Indians, as well as among the people of Guadalajara. Stone arrow-heads have been found in abundance; some stone implements; rudely wrought planks also; pieces of woven fabrics, made from the fibre of the yucca, or Spanish-bayonet, and of the maguey (*aloe Americana*) plant, have been discovered in the form of shroud and sandal; some bone tools, such as needles; no metal whatever. Many traditions exist of mining, but none have really been verified. Some very rude surface workings, even shallow tunnels, have been found in Central Arizona, but these are most likely to have been made by Apache or Navajo. In the Rio Verde cliff-caves, and in some discoveries recently made in Chihuahua, near to the Casas Grandes that still stand among the eastern foot-hills of the Sierra Madre, skeletons of men, women, and children have been found entombed. They are evidently of a race different from any we now know. So, at least, the descriptions given would decidedly indicate.

The Casas Grandes in Chihuahua shown in our illustration are located about 150 miles south of the New Mexican line. They are some seventy-five miles west of the Mexican Central Railroad, among the easterly foot-hills of the mother mountains. When General Crook was buried in the heart of the Sierras on his last Apache hunt of 1884, the village of Casas Grandes was the station of a considerable body of Mexican troops, who were awaiting the possible irruption before "Los Gringos" of the dreaded Apache Ishmaelites. The village is also about 150 miles northwest of Chihuahua City. The earliest known discovery of these ruins, still inhabited in part by the Mexican *ladrones* of the region, was made in 1819 by Señor Escudero, who wrote of them, too faithfully perhaps, as "a group of rooms built with mud walls." They had previously been described on hearsay as "a grand edifice of stone, well hewn." They are neither stone nor mud, but of the same material described in the Casa Grande of Arizona. A few miles' distance south and west the remains of a stone-walled fortress are reported as still standing. I have not seen them, but the two have been mistaken for each other without question. In 1842 there was talk of three stories and a roof still to be seen at the Casas Grandes. Nothing of the sort now exists. The ruins are half a mile from the present village, and are located in a fine valley or *cienaga* two miles wide. The crumbling walls will still average twenty feet high; some are but five feet, and other portions stand fifty feet in height. There are evidences of crumbled buildings for two miles up and down the valley. The principal ruin is about 300 feet long, and some fifty in width. There are three large, long, and wide mounds of crumbled *cojon* near by. Inside, the walls have the glaze that the more perfect structure in Arizona possesses; and this is the Casa Grande of Chihuahua, neither so interesting nor imposing as the one I've termed "The Great House of Montezuma."

Let us turn from the contemplation of these prehistoric structures and crumbled remains to the proofs of another and as striking a life, though it has not had in this region so large a population to control. I refer to that of the Spanish missionary priests, in whose footsteps sprung up a series of church stations whose character and power are none the less remarkable that some are in ruins, and all are in more or less decadence. Commencing with San Antonio, Texas, in the far south, it will be seen by a slight examination of the records that, following the success of Cortez in Mexico, there was a systematic use of missionary zeal as a means of building and solidifying Spanish power. The Rio Grande is the only open valley-way from the basin of Mexico into the heart of what was the mysterious continent from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Even a little inquiry into Mexican history will show that the Spanish missions were mainly laid down on two lines, one being the Rio Grande Valley northward, and the other from the Pacific Ocean inward as to California. Undoubtedly the Rio Grande was the traders' and soldiers' highway long before Cortez overthrew the Aztec Empire. There is another strain of mission life projected from the interior of Mexico, but by the Gulf of California. San Antonio, Laredo, Presidio del Norte, Piedras del Negro Isleta, Paso del Norte, Las Cruces, Albuquerque, Santa Fé, with other intermediate places, are the names of the Rio Grande mission stations, where a church, a ranch, and a garrison grew together. The Indian pueblos of New Mexico were all church stations, and often the fires in the estufas of Montezuma seemed to have served as coals with which to burn the incense on Jesuit or Dominican altars. The walls of lonely Abo, herein presented, are still in dispute as to their use. Roofless, gloomy, solitary they stand, marking the site of a long-perished pueblo; but do they, as claimed, mark also the existence of a once prosperous Catholic mission and station? I have my doubts.

Returning to Arizona, it will again be found that an open valley, however small, became a notable highway for soldier and priest—presumably for the trader also. He makes the trinity. Before me lies a Jesuit map printed at the close of the seventeenth century and bearing the name of Padre Kino. The Gulf of California afforded the Jesuits an inlet and footing, and from its shores they pushed their way inland and northward. So they entered the Primeria Alta, or Arizona, by the *puenta* of the Santa Cruz. A few ruins of missions are found south of the present Sonora line; north of it they are numerous enough to be remarkable. The ruins of St. Joseph of Tumaccacori and the finely preserved Church of San Xavier del Bac, views of which are given, are the best specimens of the structures and settlements the Catholic missionaries made in our far southwest. There is a fact of considerable significance in reviewing the ancient with the mission life of our south plateau region. It is that a map showing both strains will in large part preserve the same locations. Between the parallels of 24° and 30° there are no evidences obtained of the existence of casas grandes and similar ruins. Even so diligent a student as Hubert H. Bancroft finds none to record in his work on the *Native Races*. The Jesuit mission map already referred to, and which bears date 1698, contains but very few mission names between parallels 21° and 30°, and those few are quite close to the shores of the Gulf of California. In Lower California there are none, while below 30°, in Sonora and Sinaloa, there are but three indicated. Between 30° and 33° there are over twenty dozen church ruins still to be traced besides the two structures herein illustrated. The Casa Grande was made a mission station by the good Father Kino, and it is indicated on his map by the largest cross it contains. Beginning with Calabasas, but seven miles from the Sonora line, in the open valley of the Santa Cruz, and which was, down to the early part of the present century, a Spanish military station, the whole valley northward, as well as that of San Pedro to the east, bears the traces here and there of important stations. Above Calabasas stand the presidio and church of Tubac. The roofless structure used by the priests not more than sixty years since is still an object of devout curiosity to the Mexican peasants. I have a distinct recollection of being aroused very early one morning when camped close to its walls by the murmur of prayers, as several hooded and beshawled old women told their beads and said their matin orisons under the open sky and within the crumbling adobe walls of the old church. The striking ruins of the mission of St. Joseph of Tumaccacori are but a short distance from Tubac and in full sight of the well-travelled valley, on the west mesa of which it is located. Tumaccacori shows evidence of having been a large and important station. The field and orchard enclosures are large, and the cloisters or priests' dwellings to the rear of the church offer proof of a considerable establishment. It was entirely destroyed some time in the third decade of this century by the Apaches, who, after several generations of comparative quiet, began again their work of desolating this whole frontier. The old mission of San Augustine, or the Casa de Dominic Padre, near Tucson, has long since crumbled away, and only the foundation lines mark the site thereof. It is claimed that the Presidio of Tucson was first established in the latter part of the sixteenth century, but this is doubtful. There is no question, however, that a considerable town existed long before the Spanish occupation some three miles from the present city. To the southwest, beyond the Alida Pass and the bold peak of the Baboquivera, within the Papogueria, there are evidences of active mission life. On the Gila, at its junction with the Colorado, three mission stations were established by Father Kino and his immediate successors. Siedelman and other Jesuits reached the Moquis pueblos, and fitted the Catholic worship to the ceremonial rites of the Montezumists. As early as 1720 there were in all under Jesuit direction, within northern Sonora and southern and central Arizona, twenty-three missions, with seventy-three Indian pueblos under their charge. These included Calabasas, Arivaca, Sopori, San Miguel, Sonoita, Santa Ana, Guarani, San Gertrude del Tubac, St. Joseph of Tumaccacori, San Xavier del Bac, San Philip, near Maricopa Wells, San Augustine, near Tucson, and San Dionysius, with its two minor stations, near Yuma, on the Colorado.

The Church of San Xavier del Bac is the most remarkable Catholic ecclesiastical structure within the borders of the United States, taking its age and situation as well as its really fine proportions and striking appearance into due consideration. It was built as a mission church for the Papago, or "baptized," Indians; that is the significance of their names. The church still remains, as it has done almost unbrokenly since 1768, when it was commenced, the place of Christian worship for a simple, sober, chaste, industrious, and remarkably brave people, who still number some 6000 souls. It presents a remarkable appearance, standing, as it does, a lone and striking monument of simple devotion, in the midst of a widely sweeping landscape of green table-land and brown-toned mountain ranges. Inside, it presents some as striking features as the outside, among which are a few carved figures in olive-wood, apparently, that adorn the chancel arch. The figures are small, but exceedingly well carved. Among them is, or was, a figure of The Christ, into whose features the priestly artist had wrought all the mystic significance of sacrifice and service his soul and brain could conceive of and embody. There was another head—that of St. Francis di Assisi—which for rapt, ascetic, and devout expression could hardly be excelled. Opposite was a figure cast in a different mould, for it represented a jolly, rotund monk in gown and cowl, all of "the olden time," across the rotund stomach of which the hands, clasping a book, are folded. I have said "was," because reports have been published of vandal hands having despoiled the sanctuary of some of the figures I write of.

This paper is already reaching the limits of the space to which it must be confined. But in closing my slight and sketchy description of the remarkable proofs of so diverse a duality of civilizations, let me give very briefly some of the suggestions to which my personal observations, as well as studies, have led me in regard to the ancient people represented by "The Great House of Montezuma."

I have said that construction ranks almost with language in determining the status and character of such peoples. Of language we have nothing, unless the solitary hieroglyphs found and copied by Captain Johnston, U.S.A., be in evidence. The rock-drawings, or ideographs, of which an illustration is given, are too rude for anything but the picture-drawing of the most untutored tribal Indian. There is but the faintest resemblance in any of them to even the poorest rock-pictures found in Lower Mexico. But the Casa Grande of the Gila, the ruins in northwest Chihuahua, the desiccated remains of the ancient dead found quite recently near the same place with the skeletons earlier discovered in the Rio Verde cliffs, the pottery and stone implements, all indicate to my mind an arrested civilization, similar in all probability to that of the earlier stages of the Toltecs, which though at first an exotic, according to Mexican traditions, took on quite rapidly the more elaborate and pre-existing civilization of the Mayas and Nahaults which it found and imposed itself upon somewhere about the sixth century of our era. That Toltec Empire life lasted for five centuries, falling to pieces beneath internal dissensions and the attacks of the Aztecs and other Mexican tribes during the twelfth century. Such glimmering traditions as we are able to gather point to the destruction about the same time of the town-dwellers and house-building communities that lived between 30° and 33° of north latitude. They evidently were not communal house occupants, but dwellers in separate homes. This seems to me to mark them as a people separate from the Pueblo communities of to-day, or of *their* ancestors, unless, indeed, the Zuñis be a surviving remnant of the older race. What I want to point out also is the fact that for at least six parallels of latitude—from 24° to 30°—there are no traces of Casa Grande life, and but little remains of mission activity. This zone of Mexico seems to have been the original home and roaming ground of the heretofore irreclaimable Apache, Lipan, and kindred clans. Is it not probable, then, to conjecture that the same irruptions which weakened and finally overthrew the Toltec Empire to the south also overthrew and destroyed the weaker stock to the north? Combining such savage irruptions with the recession of the waters of the Gulf of California, and the probable irruptions of small volcanoes at the same period, as well as the increasing aridity of the region, growing with denudation and constant erosion, is there not in all this a reasonable explanation of the complete overthrow of a great people, and their retreat, league after league, into the very heart of the huge and inhospitable plateau? With what wonderful patience and tenacious courage did they resist the decrees of savage Fate! How strikingly adaptable must they have proven themselves to be, as they changed both the material and form of their dwellings and community structures from the *cojon*, or concrete of the Casa Grande, and the sun-brick, or adobe of the family dwelling, to the rude yet massive stone structures and abodes whose remains are found on southern and eastern cañons of the Colorado Plateau. Then mark the endurance and power exhibited in what were evidently the latest phases of their struggle for life—the cliff-dwellings and towers of the Rios Manco, San Juan, La Plata, San Miguel, and Dolores in southwest Colorado.

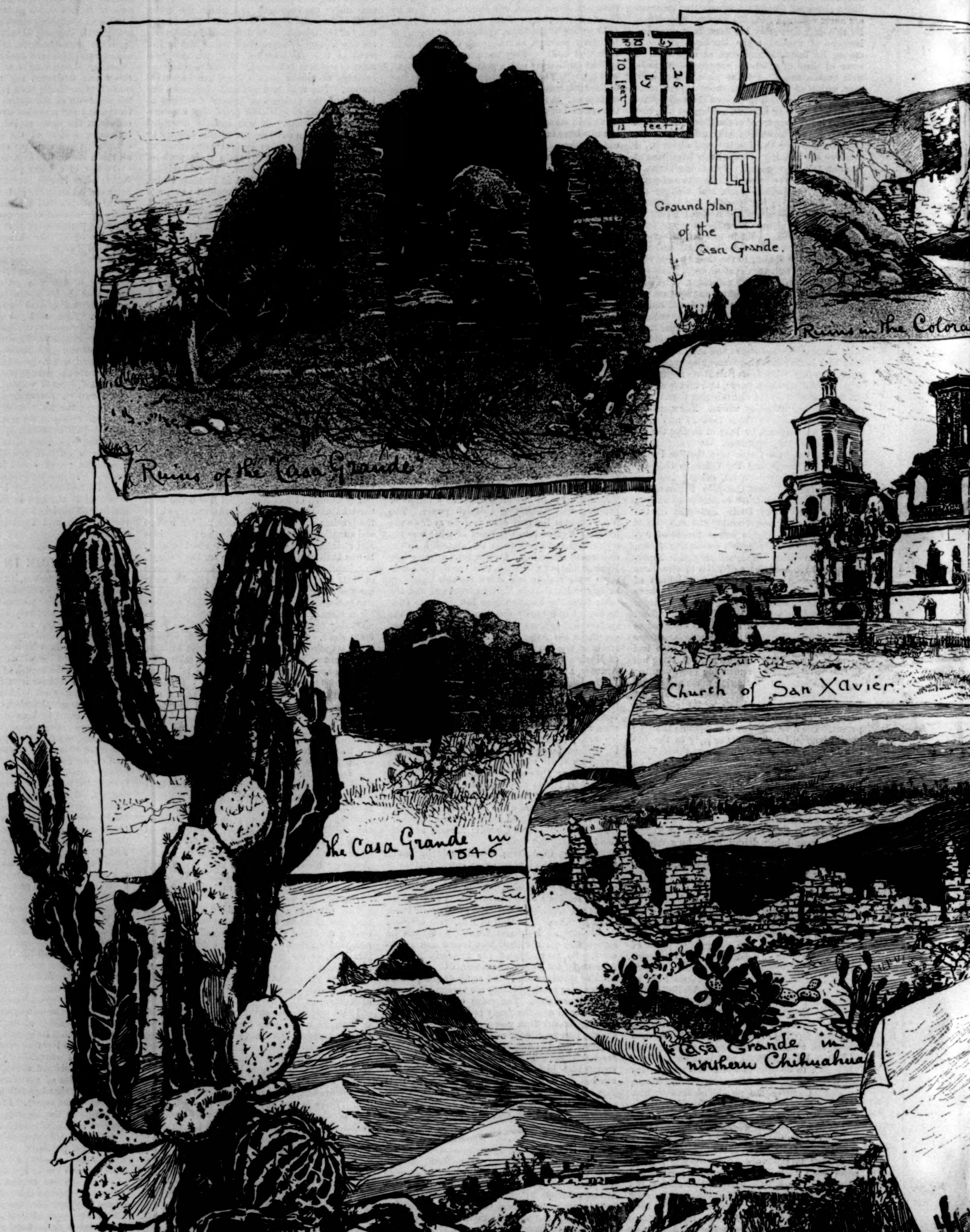
And here the record ends. From parallels 30° to 37° 30′, located within an irregular triangle—the eastern perpendicular of which may be laid along the Rio Grande, and the western oblique can be set in the south at 112° west longitude, and its northeast apex at about 106° 30′, while the base-line will be the thirtieth parallel—there is an area full of interest, suggesting marvellous romance and inspiring to searching inquiry. To my imagination, at least, no question of unsolved history holds more of interest than that of the race or races who once inhabited it, and perished utterly some time between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries of the Christian era.

FORT MONROE IN SPRING-TIME.

SPRING is the season, if there is a season at the place, of Old Point Comfort. It is difficult to say why any particular pleasure resort is successful, but it is comparatively easy to say why it remains so. Take, for example, the enormous hotel which figuratively may be said to lie under the shadow of Fort Monroe. There are other eligible sites for a big winter and spring hotel on the shores about the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, for these shores wander in and out, up and down rivers, and finally off behind Norfolk, and everywhere there are stretches of hard sandy beaches which invite the bathers very early in the season—so early that the pleasant summer weather finds many lingering Northern people away from their own more invigorating climate. There is no other spot on the coast, however, where there is a large military post, and, of course, no other spot where there is the most picturesque military post in the country. There are other posts situated in more picturesque localities, but at Old Point Comfort the fort itself is the feature. Its high stone walls and water-battery, with the moat between, are of themselves sufficiently attractive to invite the idler. And yet this does not tell why the success of the place began, why the first man and woman, bride and groom, very likely, made their way to the old government inn and proclaimed its virtues to the world.

Having once found out the place, however, the world, after its fashion, came on. The old hotel was a small house dominated and overshadowed by the fort. Southerners there found sea airs that were not too harsh for them, and were yet more invigorating than the warmer climate of their interior homes. In the early days, when the army was under Southern influence, when society had more to do with the military profession, the Southern men and women trooped annually to Old Point Comfort, and many of them spent their summers at the Hygeia. Its oysters and fish were good, it was near the terrapin country, while neighboring Norfolk supplied its tables with canvas-back and red-head ducks. To be sure, most of these luxuries of gastronomy were found in the winter, and that has now made the place an all-the-year-round resort. In the summer salt-water bathing was the blessing it conferred upon its visitors, besides idleness and contentment.

From this it is easy to see how it has grown. It had no Southern rival in the ante-bellum times except the "Old White," and the springs were in the Virginia mountains. When the tonic of the sea was needed, "Old Point" was the attractive resort to those who had not the money or the physique for Newport. Then there was the military post with its attractive officers. In those first days the hotel did not stand where it does to-day. It was on the site of the present engineer's office, and the walk that takes one into the postern-gate—the private back entrance which every well-regulated fort possesses—ran by its side. Now it is down on the white beach, one of the best stretches of sand for bathers on the Atlantic seaboard, and it is ten times bigger than the old Hygeia to which the Southerner used to resort. It has grown and grown, and it keeps on growing, until its lights of a night stretch far away, and its farthest wing looks like a house in another part of the village. Room by room has been added. Now the dancing pavilion is joined to the dining-room, and a new pavilion is built, which may soon give way to a still newer. The demands upon the hotel grow, for it is the only hotel at the Point, which is all government reservation. It is an out-of-the-way place, as every one knows, and unique. There is no town. Everything is the government's—the hotel, the drug-


Ground plan of the Casa Grande.
Ruins of the "Casa Grande"
Ruins in the
Church of San Xavier
The Casa Grande in 1846
Casa Grande in northern Chihuahua
Pre Historic Arizona
Mt. Wrightson Santa Cruz Valley.

Ground plan of Ancient Structure or Enclosure
Ground plan, (encilmaliere) of house with faces of ten to thirty feet.
Figure tracing or Hieroglyphic discovered in 1846 by Capt. A.R. Johnston U.S.A. on walls of Gila Casa Grande,
Chiquito
Ruins of Jesuit mission St Joseph of Tumacacori Valley of Santa Cruz.
of the painted rocks.
Ancient walled Reservoir or Well
Mounds of
Salt R.
Ancient Ruins of Abo, New Mexico

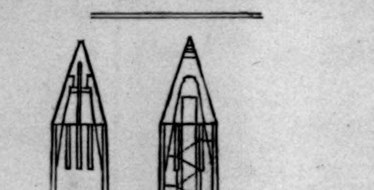
store, the grocery and dry-goods store, the bar-room, the oyster shops, and the dwellings—all who occupy premises pay no rent to the government. This sort of thing results in a village that is not like many others in the United States. It is not full of thrifty people, and its idlers constitute the great majority. The negroes of Old Point Comfort have very few equals for laziness, and their vehicles and mules are unique. The former are broken down to the degree of picturesqueness, and the latter are as ragged as their masters. But, on the other hand, the road is good and the walks are neatly kept. The government does this, and the government, as a rule, has neat and cleanly habits. So the village differs in this respect also from towns of its size. There is no "tough end" at Old Point, which is something that cannot be said of many small communities even in good New England. The hotel is at the wharf, but the most fastidious of guests will not find any of the unpleasant sights and odors that are usually found at a landing-place.

It is not necessary, however, to describe the characteristics of so well-known and so old a resort as Old Point Comfort. There are very few Americans who have the money to go anywhere who have not looked over the broad waterway to the capes, or moralized on the Ripraps, now deserted by every one but a single ordnance sergeant, who is so devoted to the place that he has lived there for two years without pay. The memories of the war are pleasantly awakened, the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* are occasionally talked about in the drowsy way that sleepy air inspires. Newport News is in sight, no longer the despatch-point of an army, but distinguished amid all the surrounding landscape by a huge grain elevator. Old Norfolk, with its memories of long before the war, is distant an hour's sail, and there is a tradition there that oysters and ducks are cooked better than they are anywhere else, and amateur gastronomists, whose palates are satisfied by tradition, lug off strangers to the Norfolk restaurants. But Norfolk is not an exception to the rule that theories of the surpassing excellence of out-of-the-way cook shops are better for the ear than for the stomach. All the delights of the Point are known, and they have been written about in innumerable papers and correspondence. What interests us now are the social characteristics of the place.

People come here in shoals. When the boat or the stage from the train is due the bell-boys range themselves into a long line in front of the hotel desk. Every one who can find a chair or a spot of carpet to stand on joins the bell-boys in the enormous front "office"—such an "office" as can be found in no other hotel in the country. Like other apartments of the house, it has been enlarged by knocking away the partitions, and simply turning several rooms into one, leaving the common chimney, with its several fireplaces, in this instance four, the central and commanding feature. Here the guests, men and women, congregate. The men smoke, the women gossip, and all look at the new arrivals. Very few of these are known to those who have preceded them. Naturally it used to be different. There are doubtless habitués now, but in the first years of the Point's career as a resort almost every one was an habitué, and was acquainted with nearly every one who came. So many people come here that one finds it difficult to believe that they can be housed and cared for even in the immense structure which, as the advertisements say, was founded by Harrison Phœbus. Who are they who come? In the first place, they are not the people who go to Florida, Tuxedo, and Washington for the winter. They are not the people who are wholly on pleasure bent. They are many of them after health. Most of them are looking for rest. A very important number of them are brides and grooms playing the old game of trying to look like old married people. Invalids with wasting strength, and business men who have worked too hard during the winter, and who feel the necessity of recovering a little of their lost strength before they rush into the heats of summer, make up a large part of the guests, and pure, simple, unadulterated idleness is their occupation. A few fishing canoes, a cat-boat or so, invite the guests to sail, but there are so few of them in comparison with the human swarm that it is evident at a glance that the passion for sailing is not strong. There are very few carriages except those belonging to the officers of the post, and no "establishments" such as make splendid the roads of Newport, Long Branch, and Saratoga. The people apparently do not care very much for driving, and that is easily explained by the nature of the country about the fort. So far as the brides and grooms are concerned, they naturally forget the game which they suppose they are playing, and sit in the public office for hours gazing tenderly into one another's eyes.

There is an excellent band, for a United States military band, at the post, and the people dine and dance to its music. Sometimes a guest will get up interest enough to suggest a tramp through the big fort, or to wonder when it will be warm enough this year to go in bathing. When the people go into the fort they usually go in a great company, as if to sustain one another under the searching gaze of the officers and soldiers of the United States. Sometimes they go in by the back door, and sometimes by the front way, but they prefer the former, because there they are not obliged to come face to face with a real live sentinel. When they have gone over the wooden bridge which crosses the moat, and penetrated the passage through the walls, and have wandered over the brick walks by the officers' quarters, the barracks, the hospital, and have looked at the archaic field-guns under the live-oaks on the edge of the parade-ground, some one of the tourists, bolder than the rest, will ask an officer or soldier where the fort is situated. They evidently think it is something small and compact, something that they can feel all over with their hands, something that they can take in with a single glance of the eye. They want a condensed fort, a fort that can be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed all at once, and they are apparently disturbed and troubled when they are told that this village is the fort. When they climb up on the ramparts they feel better. Then there are the drills to look at, but these are not satisfactory, because the fort is an artillery post, and artillery drill is not familiar to the average citizen, who has seen no soldiers but those of the militia. People have stood looking at the work of raising a 15-inch gun, or placing it on the blocks, or even at target-firing, and have innocently asked the officer in charge if there wasn't to be a drill. Even a prominent militia officer of New York, in looking at an artillery formation, criticised it because it was different from the formation of an infantry company.

But all this is aside. What is characteristic of Fort Monroe is the placid, unexciting, unexacting existence which is led by the people who go there, upon whom the most laborious demands are those made by the officers of the garrison, who are sure to leave their cards for any one to whom they or their friends desire to be civil. And are not those demands pleasant? Ask the young girls who look up at a red-striped, red-shoulder-strapped lieutenant of artillery with the wondering eyes that betoken worshipful admiration. It seems as though women would never be able to outgrow the brass-button period.

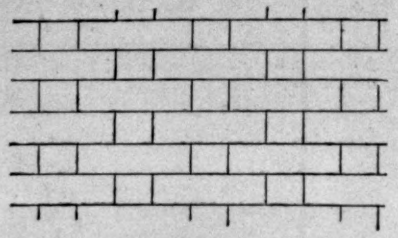


INSIDE OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

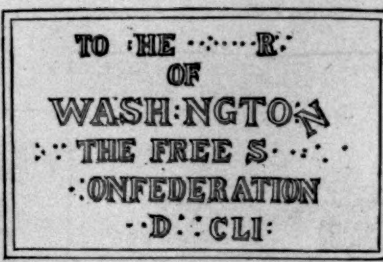
Appearances are deceptive in two particulars inside of the Washington National Monument: it is neither so dangerous as it looks to ride to the top, nor so tiresome as one would suppose to walk. Most visitors prefer riding, on general principles. The ladies enter the elevator car with many half-smothered "ohs" and "ahs" of misgiving, and seek retired seats where they can faint, if necessary, without getting into anybody's way or otherwise giving trouble. But such precautions are quite needless. The car moves upward with a solemn dignity of gait, which not only is consistent with the memorial atmosphere of the great pile, but—the engineers being not regardless of the element of effect—emphasizes the impression of the distance travelled toward the zenith. Besides, the strong net-work of wire in which the car is incased is enough to discourage any suicidal propensities on the part of the inmates, while the shaft in which it plays is so constructed that no one inside the car has a chance to make himself sea-sick by peering down the well beneath his feet.

But in spite of all the comfort and convenience of the elevator, the tourist who would enjoy the monument to the full must make one trip through it, either up or down, on foot. The climb upward offers a forbidding prospect at the first glance; but the iron stairs are broad and of an easy rise, and the platforms, at intervals of ten feet, run the whole length of one side of the monument, giving the walker a chance to catch his breath so often that he finds it hard to realize how fast he is ascending.

Arrived at the top by either route, it depends upon circumstances how much the visitor will see. On stormy days, and in high winds, it is of course impracticable to have all the eight windows open. A breeze which would be innocent enough at the surface of the earth may have the force of a small hurricane at the height of five hundred feet; and water, once within the monument, has but one way to get out, namely, by trickling down the side walls, rendering the whole interior damp, cold, and disagreeable. Each side of the pyramidal apex contains two windows. They are closed on the outside every night by marble block shutters, fitting neatly into the sockets left for them, and swinging inward, daytimes, on huge hinges. On the inside are glazed sashes which, when not in use, fold down into sockets hidden under wooden aprons. Sometimes the glass is entirely transparent, and interposes no obstacle to the view; but if there has been a recent rain, or a frost has coated the panes with crystals, a part of the picture, at least, must be guessed at. But, all the conditions favoring, an uncommon panorama is spread before the eye. There is not much about it that is striking. The surface of the country around Washington is rather flat, and the horizon line is almost unbroken. Inside of the city the red of the brick houses is the prevailing color, and the green foliage of the trees, although a relief to the monotony, runs in straight rows and forms angles mathematically exact. Nevertheless, the outlook is most interesting. From no other artificial column in the world can the ground below be studied so directly without the interference of buttresses or roofs. One realizes now the meaning of the term "a bird's-eye view." The whole region round about lies spread out, less like a landscape than a map, dotted here and there with objects which at once arrest attention and stimulate inquiry. To the north, just beyond a fine stretch of greensward, stands the White House, flanked by the Treasury and the State, War, and Navy department buildings. Sixteenth Street, 160 feet broad for its whole length, and bearing on its crown the imaginary line known to geographers as the Meridian of Washington, looks like a white belt bisecting the mass of mingled darker hues. The Patent Office, the Pension Building, and Judiciary Square all come into the same field; and away off in the distance—forty-five miles as the crow flies, say the knowing ones—Sugar Loaf Mountain rears its head, distinguishable from the other blue-tinted hills on either side of it by the peculiar shape which has given it its name. To the eastward, the first object which catches the eye, naturally, is the Capitol, and from no other point in the city is that edifice seen to so fine an advantage. Its architectural proportions, distorted as usually seen from below, are here brought out admirably. One can appreciate its symmetry as well as its size. The pleasure-grounds which lead down from its new marble terraces to the foot of the hill are a triumph of landscape-gardening as viewed from here; and at the place where they end, the Mall, shaped somewhat like a great emerald key-stone, divides the two populous sections of the West End from one another. The brown sandstone tower of the Smithsonian Institution, which near at hand has a rather imposing effect, is dwarfed by distance and the angle at which one looks down upon it. The blue, red, and white patchwork of the National Museum can be dimly discerned beyond, and still further on the glass roof of the botanical preserves reflects the sunlight like a polished mirror. From the west windows we catch a glimpse of Georgetown College clad in serious gray, and the Naval Observatory in refulgent white, with an upper stretch of the Potomac as far as the Chain Bridge, five miles above the city; and Arlington Heights, with the yellow front of the old Custis-Lee mansion peeping out between the trees well over on the left. To the south, practically nothing is to be seen except the reclaimed flats, the historic Long Bridge, and the windings of the river, which can be followed with the naked eye down almost to Mount Vernon.



SECTION OF NEW WALL SHOWING MARBLE HEADERS ALTERNATING WITH GRANITE BLOCKS.

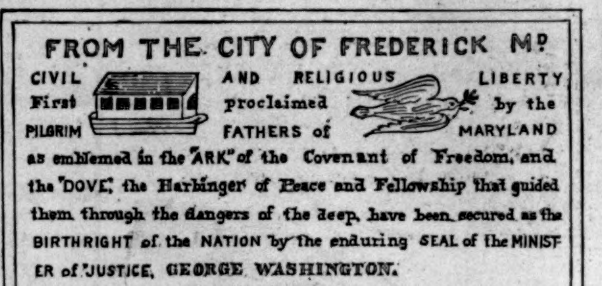


SOME OF THE EFFECTS OF VANDALISM.

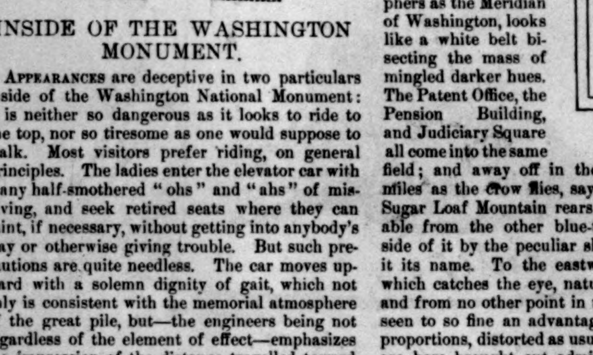
Everything of interest that is visible from the windows of the monument is not to be seen by looking earthward. The curiosity-seeker who is venturesome enough to thrust his head and shoulders out of one of these openings and look up will see what he probably has never seen before in the way of protection against lightning. Each of the four faces of the pyramid bristles with fifty metal points; and the two hundred, standing out like quills upon the fretful porcupine, so dissipate the electricity which plays about the monument that in the fiercest storms persons can stay at the top and watch the lightning without uneasiness, and quite insensible, through any physical effect upon themselves, of the disturbance of the atmospheric conditions. Soon after it was finished, and before these precautions had been taken, the monument was once struck, and a stone directly underneath the aluminium cap was cracked from top to bottom. At a first glance this seems like a pretty serious accident, as it is not plain how any one could climb outside to make repairs when the staging and cables used by the workmen had been taken away. But there was where the foresight of the master engineer made itself felt. At a convenient point on one side of the apex, and close to the top, he had left a single stone without cement or other fastening, so that any time, at an hour's notice, it could be removed and leave an aperture large enough for the passage of a human body. Through the hole a steady-headed mechanic crawled, and facing inward, and reaching out as far as possible, contrived to throw a loop of rope over the cap. To the extremities of the rope a plank was fastened; and on this platform he rested while with chisel and hammer he forced a brace of strong copper bolts through the broken stone and gripped the two pieces together.

If the visitor has mounted the monument in the elevator, the chances are that he will have had enough for one day of being packed with some thirty others of his kind into so small a space, and will prefer making the descent on foot. Here he would do well to notice the structure of the inner walls, as revealed by the dim light of an electric bulb or two at each landing. The gray granite which forms the bulk of the inner facing is cut in rectangular blocks, laid lengthwise like bricks; and the alternate courses are broken, at intervals of two blocks, by "headers" of marble which serve as a bond between the outer wall and its lining. This arrangement, suggestive of the checker-board, continues from the 470-foot level till the 160-foot level is reached. At that point the new wall ceases and the old one begins. The square space in which the stairway is confined is narrowed by some feet, as the old wall was built a great deal heavier than the new. From a neat, geometrical, regular piece of masonry the change is instantaneous to a pile of dingy white rubble. No order is visible in the arrangement of the blocks which form it as to either size or shape; and the only assurance of the strength of the mass is to be found in its thickness, which at the base is about fifteen feet.

But the walls offer other attractions to the eye than the study of their composition. For nearly three hundred feet from the ground they are studded with memorial tablets presented by various states, potentates, corporations, societies, and individuals all over the world. The stones given by Connecticut and Florida were both too soft to stand the exposure to which they were subjected while the monument was building. Nearly all the Southern States made their contributions ten or twelve years before the civil war, and the ar-



ONE OF THE REAL "OLD-TIMERS."



SECTION OF STAIRCASE, WITH OLD WALL BEHIND.

dor of the Southern temperament is shown by the patriotic sentiments inscribed on these tablets, as distinguished from the undemonstrative utterances of the North. "Delaware, first to adopt, will be the last to desert, the Constitution;" "Maryland: a memorial of her regard for the Father of his Country, and of her cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to the American Union;" "Virginia, who gave Washington to America, gives this granite for his monument;" "The tribute of Missouri to the memory of Washington, and a pledge of her fidelity to the Union of the States;" "Tennessee: the federal Union, it must be preserved;" "The State of Louisiana, ever faithful to the Constitution and the Union;" "State of Georgia: the Union as it was—the Constitution as it is;" "Alabama: the Union of Equality, as adjusted by the Constitution;" "Under the auspices of Heaven and the precepts of Washington, Kentucky will be the last to give up the Union"—these are some of the sentiments which stare at the thoughtful reader from the wall, like so many Rip Van Winkles waking from their long sleep in blissful unconsciousness of the changes wrought by the passing years on the surface of things about them. The city of Frederick, Md., has the quaintest tablet in the wall; its long inscription cut in an old-fashioned style and illustrated with a relief of Noah's ark, and the dove soaring away with her olive branch, the two emblems being so nearly of the same size as to suggest a wonder whether it was not, after all, the ark that came out of the dove instead of the dove out of the ark. Another odd contribution is a large square stone inscribed, "Nov. 12, 1852. From the Postmasters and Ast. Postmasters of the State of Indiana. Dedicated to the memory of Washington. May his principles be distributed broadcast over the land, and every American be a D. P. O."—whatever that may mean.

The class of relic-collectors who do not stop at vandalism have made havoc with some of the memorial stones. A slab of polished granite presented by the Free Swiss Confederation in 1852, with its inscription in large brass letters riveted fast, has had nearly half of these letters torn off and carried away; while one other, which would not yield to the iconoclast's jimmy readily enough, hangs by a single rivet still. The marble tablet of South Carolina has had the raised Gothic O in the first word knocked off. The nicely carved emblematic relief of the American Medical Association, with a number of human figures in it, has suffered compound mayhem in the loss of sundry hands, arms, legs, feet, heads, and other members; a fine representation of a locomotive is minus several driving-wheel spokes; and the tablet of the American Whig Society of Princeton College, thanks either to the souvenir-hunter or to the hand of Time, acting on a bad setting, has broken quite in two, so that the ragged edges protrude and threaten the head of the wayfarer who hugs the wall too closely.

THE PICTURE OF COMMERCE.

Does anybody suppose that the battle between Daub and Chromo has resulted in the routing of Daub? The odds, apparently fearful ones, are against the picture of commerce; but still it holds its own in defiance of all the formulated rules of political economy. It is nonsense to urge of the decline of hand-work, when pitted against steam-power, when the matter of the daub is studied. Labor bureaus who have examined the many trades ought to have given some attention to picture manufacturing, and accounted for its flourishing condition. They should have told us how, in spite of the changing order of things, it still holds its own. Labor bureaus, satisfactory so far, might have found out for us where, at least, are the markets for the hundreds of thousands of daubs produced every year.

Persons of a practical and observing frame of mind insist that there is a close relationship between stove-pipes and commercial pictures. "There must be," so they say, "thousands of ugly gaping holes punched into walls so as to admit of stove-pipes. When stoves in the summer season are not in use, daubs answer their purpose in covering up the holes." The needs of bar-rooms all over the country have also been advanced. It has been imagined that the sight of a daub hanging from a bar-room wall might incite drinking, the optical effects of a mirage having, as it is well known, that effect on the thirsty traveller in the desert. Others, again, in endeavoring to account for the distribution of the daub, have intimated that the Congo or Stanley Pool might absorb the daub. There may be possibilities in the stove-pipe and bar-room theories, only remarking, however, that as to the concocter of cocktails he plies his vocation to-day in a shrine of art. As to the African demand, if only the black man could be induced to buy the daub in lieu of spirits, his condition would be wonderfully improved, only, peculiar as he may be as to the recognition of the white man's civilization, the negro's mental condition is not yet quite so abased as to receive the picture of commerce.

How are these pictures pushed on a public? Has any one ever met a drummer in daubs? Does he travel on the road? If he did, in order to sell his wares, in eloquence, push, cheek, he would rival Balzac's "illustrious Gaudissard," who was the king of drummers. Where the bulk of the daubs go to must ever remain a mystery.

Some time ago, among the requisitions for an asylum for the insane, funds were asked for "the embellishing of a recreation-room for the patients," and this sentence was found: "We might expend judiciously, say, $75 in the purchase of a dozen or so of oil-paintings to hang on the walls." It is believed that here is discoverable some vague hint which in a measure tends toward the solution of the vexed question, the marketing of the daub. Still, though the aims of the official at the head of the insane asylum might be praiseworthy and looking toward bettering the condition of his patients, doubts may be entertained whether pictures of this character would not have in time turned the inmates of that asylum either into idiots or raging maniacs.

In New York the business of constructing the daub is carried out on a large scale. Sometimes it is the picture which is made in order to sell the frame. A shop has a lot of sham gilt strips which have no market, and can only find purchasers when converted into frames. Twenty-five to forty-five cents is a fair price for a large-sized gilt frame. The labor of cutting the strips and securing them with glue or nails amounts to little or nothing. Stretchers of prepared muslin are purchasable at very low figures. There is a special cotton cloth made with a glaze which does away with priming. Sometimes this is a silicate, badly compounded, with an excess of the alkali, which ruins the poor color put on top of it. To make the picture requires no art at all; not the faintest conception of it; less than is displayed in putting a brand on a coffee sack. It is all done by division of labor and a few tracings made by a stencil. People ignorant of how colored illustrations were made in books prior to 1835, as seen in English books, and how taking are the painted cuts, may be told that in London the coloring of prints was a regular profession, and that one picture went through as many hands as there were colors on it, the work-people knowing nothing at all about art. In the daub shop one hand takes the trunk of that queer tree in the foreground first indicated by the stencil, and with one stroke of a brush puts it in. The same bistre color makes half the rock in the lake and one side of the palatial mansion. Then No. 1 passes the stretcher to No. 2, who quick as a flash has a shade of green which makes the foliage and the grassy slope to the left. Then No. 3 comes on with the blue for the water and the sky. Then No. 4 gets it, and throws a streak of yellow down the trunk of the tree, and puts in light the front of the house, and with what is left in his brush indicates the setting sun. The work now goes to a woman, who in the daub factory visited seemed to be the controlling spirit. She managed exclusively the red and the blue. She put in a figure quick as lightning—a red-bodiced something with a blue petticoat, and remarked, "That's a peasant woman," and then her red paint-brush was on top of the house, and she remarked, "That's a chimney."

By the watch it was exactly eighteen minutes from the time when there was nothing on the muslin until now there was a lake, a house, a mountain, a figure, a rock, and a sunset.

"It's pretty quick," the woman said, "but we are not hurried just now. A quarter of an hour is fair time. But then we slick it up with varnish, and it won't be ready for the frame before this time to-morrow."

"Do you work up animal subjects in this same extraordinary way?"

"Oh, animals don't pay. We did try a lot of dogs, but the boss got stuck on them. We lengthened them out and made deer out of them, sticking horns on them, and they took for a while; but they too kind of hung fire. We worked the deer into cows and horses; but, honest, they looked kind of queer, and they were a dead loss. Landscapes is the thing. Of course we vary 'em. This week we work, say, fifty dozen of this kind. Next week this tree goes to the left, and the rock comes more to the front, and it's a sunrise and not a sunset. And there is a boat, and a boat sells a picture if nothing else will."

"Did you ever have any art instruction?"

"I? Never. What for?" the woman asked, in amazement.

"But yet you put in that figure well enough."

"Maybe; but I couldn't paint a tree—that is, under six months. I don't do so much work now as look after things. The hands are generally trifling—old broken-down sots—though in this shop they are fairly decent. Can't give you wages; it's against the rules. All I can tell you is that it is piece-work. The good times in the business are past and gone. Twenty-five years ago a steady hand could make as much as five dollars a day at it. Now it is not better than tailoring."

"Well, what is a picture worth, finished, frame and all?"

"It's according to the size of your order."

The writer of this found out afterward that about $15 a dozen was a fair price. Taking $2 a dozen for the frames and $1 50 for the sketches—the pictures being about thirty inches long by twenty high—this would leave $11 50 for the manufacturer. Paint and labor per dozen were hardly calculable, but could not have been more than $5; so that on the dozen pictures there might be a profit of $5 or $6.

Such pictures may be seen at auctions on the Bowery, though they rarely make the whole stock in trade of an establishment. They are introduced at passing intervals, and break up the general monotony of the vendue. There may or may not be stool-pigeons present. It is, however, never safe to make a bid over a couple of dollars, or the picture will be inevitably knocked down to you. The auctioneer has a patter, which he repeats over and over again: "Life-like. This glorious bit of nature. Make your home beautiful. It's a thing, gents and ladies, that's a-going to last forever, and the longer you have it the better you will like it. Uptown I've seed the like of this sold for a thousand dollars, and Stewart and Vanderbilt just fightin' for it; and for sech a tasty thing I am only offered three and five cents. Why the frame, gents—the frame, not counting the cost of the very best paint, couldn't be had for ten times that money. And gone, sir—gone at three dollars and fifteen cents."

Mr. Kemble shows the discussion as to the merits of the work of art, the auction, and the sidewalk enticement. The colored population of New York may have musical gifts, but is rather indifferent as to art, and the blandishments of the roper-in are rarely effectual. The specimen art patron is from the rural districts. He has some idea that his prospective summer boarders would rather like their bare bedrooms if they had a picture or so in them. He has made his purchase. He has the daub safe under his arm. Maybe, after all, it is in summer boarding-houses that most of the pictures of commerce find their place.

HIGH BALL AND BASE BALL.

Oh, what a chatter and clatter and patter
Crop up round each matter of dollars or fame!
No wonder the apers of "Giants" cut capers
O'er what's called by the papers "the National game."
In Battery, Bowery, Park, and Rialto,
It's ball-bawl, base-balling bawl—
Tenor, contralto, and high squeaky alto,
And *basso profondo* all bawling base-ball!

See, Pitcher is rushing and Striker is pushing
And flying with flushing of blood in his face—
While running his rounder falls flat on the ground-a—
And swims like a flounder through mud to his base!
"Rah! *that's* what I like!" "Whoop! let 'er go, Mike!"
Yells Umpire, "No strike!" My eyes! hear 'em squall
At poor Umpire (on hire), vengeance dire—"You're a liar!"
How the choir on the bleaching-boards basely do bawl!

Talk of your heroes! With our ball cavalleroes
Your Cæsars and Neros can't begin to compare!
What's a Dutchman or German, a Grant or a Sherman,
A Van-gilt or a genuine Gould millionaire?
What's a pen-wielding President, *pro tem.* White House resident,
Our pet, Jack o' Diamond, is king of them all!
The idol of Demos, with the riches of Demas,
Whose sceptre's a bat and his orb a base-ball.

What are brains (what's a bustle) to the grandeur of muscle?
Mere scribblers must hustle, or starve on a snub;
It's vastly more fitting we aim at transmitting
The genius for hitting a ball with a club.
What! Artist and Poet *great!* Not if we know it!
For *us* flows the wine, so let them drink the gall;
What's Music or Science? We hurl them defiance
In our high-toned reliance on the Greatness of Ball!

Ye ghosts of Olympia! *We'll* cripple and crimp ye!
We'll show old-world fooldom what Yankees can do!
We'll twirl before Czars, and slide before Shahs,
And dazzle the dudes of polite Timbuctoo!
To make game at Cheop-a's Pyramid's proper,
Jerus'lem and Joppa—we'll Barnumize all,
Like Moody and Sankey; we'll show our new Yankee
Old English rounders rechristened Base-ball!

Then play ball like euchre, play only for lucre,
For perhaps there may come the degenerate days
Once more, when a national game will grow rational,
The guerdon mere Honor and profitless praise.
So be proud of your betting, your pamp'ring and petting,
Your ball-dollar-getting and swapping at call,
Be sold as a chattel, "like dumb, driven cattle"—
Boys, *this* is the glory of modern "base" Ball.
O. H. G. L.

LITERARY TREASURES IN ORIENTAL LIBRARIES.

The discovery in Constantinople several years ago by Bishop Bryennios of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, and the discussion of this rare find, which made it evident that it was a most important new source of information for the New Testament specialist and the historian, have put Western scholarship on the *qui vive* as to what rich literary treasures may yet lie unknown and unappreciated on the musty and mouldy shelves of Oriental cloisters and libraries. This discovery, as also that of the Codex Sinaiticus by Tischendorf some years earlier in the St. Catharine cloister on Mount Sinai, proved conclusively that notwithstanding the tens of thousands of manuscripts which from the time of the Crusades down to our own day and generation had been brought from the East and deposited in the great libraries of England, Italy, France, and Germany, the Orient still was the possessor of an abundance of treasures that would delight the eye and heart of the scholars of more than one department of research.

A number of circumstances have conspired to make it possible now for Western nations to learn more of the contents of these libraries than was ever the case before. Western scholars have made it a point to secure access to them and to make catalogues of their contents, while the generous rivalry of modern Greek scholarship is also energetically engaged in this work of literary discovery and rediscovery. By a singular piece of good fortune the three libraries of the East which are apt to contain the greatest number of manuscripts have been and are being examined by competent men. These are the libraries on Mount Sinai, at Jerusalem, and on Mount Athos, the three sacred shrines of the Oriental Orthodox Church. It appears from these investigations that literally tens of thousands of literary documents are in these collections awaiting the patient and scrutinizing examination of the scholarly investigator.

The greatest historical interest naturally attaches itself to the St. Catharine cloister, where the most important New Testament codex was discovered. Professor Gardshausen, of Leipzig, has prepared and published in Latin a complete catalogue of all the Greek manuscripts in this cloister. It contains 1223 codices. Of these 147 contain portions of the Old Testament, 153 portions of the New, 15 contain commentaries, 77 contain Church fathers, four are ascetic works, the others being of a liturgical, hymnological, and theological contents. Profane literature is represented only in about two dozen numbers. More than 200 have dates, the oldest manuscript being of the eighth century. The Sinaiticus, it will be remembered, was sent to Europe, the Old Testament being now in Leipzig and the New in St. Petersburg. It dates from the fifth century. The manuscripts have been collected from many cities and lands—Egypt, Alexandria, Cairo, Sinai, Crete, Cyprus, Palestine, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Patmos, Chersones, Athos, Cephalonia, Italy, and other localities being recorded on the manuscripts as the place of their origin. In the case of about 200 the names of the writers are given, not a few of them being familiar ones. Unfortunately this collection is sadly neglected. It will be remembered that Tischendorf found his first fragments of the famous codex in the waste basket.

The *Teaching* now is in the library of the Greek Church in Jerusalem, to which it really belonged. This collection contains at present 1850 numbers. It will, however, increase in the near future, as it is the purpose of the authorities to transfer the libraries of the other convents in this ecclesiastical jurisdiction to Jerusalem, that of the famous convent of Mar Saba being already there. No catalogue of this collection has as yet been prepared, but it is known to contain valuable documents dating back to at least the ninth century. The chief contents are of a Biblical and theological character.

The greatest collection probably in the whole East is found in the twenty cloisters on Mount Athos. Over ten thousand codices are found here alone. For more than eight years Professor S. B. Lambros, of Athens, one of the best among the critical scholars of Greece, has been engaged in the work of cataloguing these vast treasures. Of his catalogue, the first instalment, in which he describes 865 manuscripts of the 5759 which he examined, has been issued. The two largest collections, those of Lawra and Watopedion, had at least in part been examined before. The former was found to contain about one thousand and the latter more than four thousand works. These two accordingly have collections almost as large as those of the other eighteen cloisters together. Singularly, Professor Lambros began his catalogue with the more modern works. Of 568 manuscripts—the others of the 865 being modern, and treating of church music—7 are from the seventh century, 3 from the ninth, 6 from the tenth, 13 from the eleventh, 16 from the twelfth, 31 from the thirteenth, 53 from the fourteenth, 44 from the fifteenth, 62 from the sixteenth, 129 from the seventeenth, 162 from the eighteenth, and 48 from the nineteenth century. There are 78 Old Testament and 36 New Testament manuscripts, several of them very valuable. The Church fathers are exceedingly well represented. Of non-theological literature there is but little.

Professor Lambros has also prepared a special pamphlet on the palimpsests of these collections; that is, those manuscripts from which an older text had been erased to make room for a later. He has proven that at least the Mount Athos monks did not imitate their colleagues in the Western Church and erase good works of the classical literatures in order to use the codices for monastic and ecclesiastical matter. Of course these three are only a few of the many collections of unexplored literary remains scattered throughout the Orient. When the codices of the Eastern libraries are once studied as have been those in the Western, literary discoveries of unusual value and worth can be expected.

CUPID WORSTED.

There's a roguish little archer
Who besets us all alike;
No care he knows if friend or foes
His heedless arrows strike.
The proudest he will vanquish,
The sagest he'll deceive;
So, friend, beware and have a care
Lest you his tale believe.
Listen to his story;
Let him tell it through;
But take it not *au sérieux*,
Whatever else you do.

He knows when men are weakest;
He knows when women yield;
His arrows fly ere you and I
Suspect he's in the field.
When some fair maid seems fairest
'Tis time to have a care:
With roguish wile and cunning smile
Be sure he's lurking there.
Be sure it is his doing,
Though the eyes be black or blue;
But take it not *au sérieux*,
Whatever else you do.

Would you pay this merry youngster
For the many tricks he's played,
Would leave forlorn and laugh to scorn
The traps the rogue has laid?
Then follow where he leads you,
But keep a bright lookout
To reap the spoils and skip the toils;
Take care what you're about.
Listen to his story
As though you thought it true;
But take it not *au sérieux*,
Whatever else you do.

Mary E. Vandyne.